

THE

MAGAZINE

Elks



NOVEMBER, 1939

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they're meant to do
They Satisfy



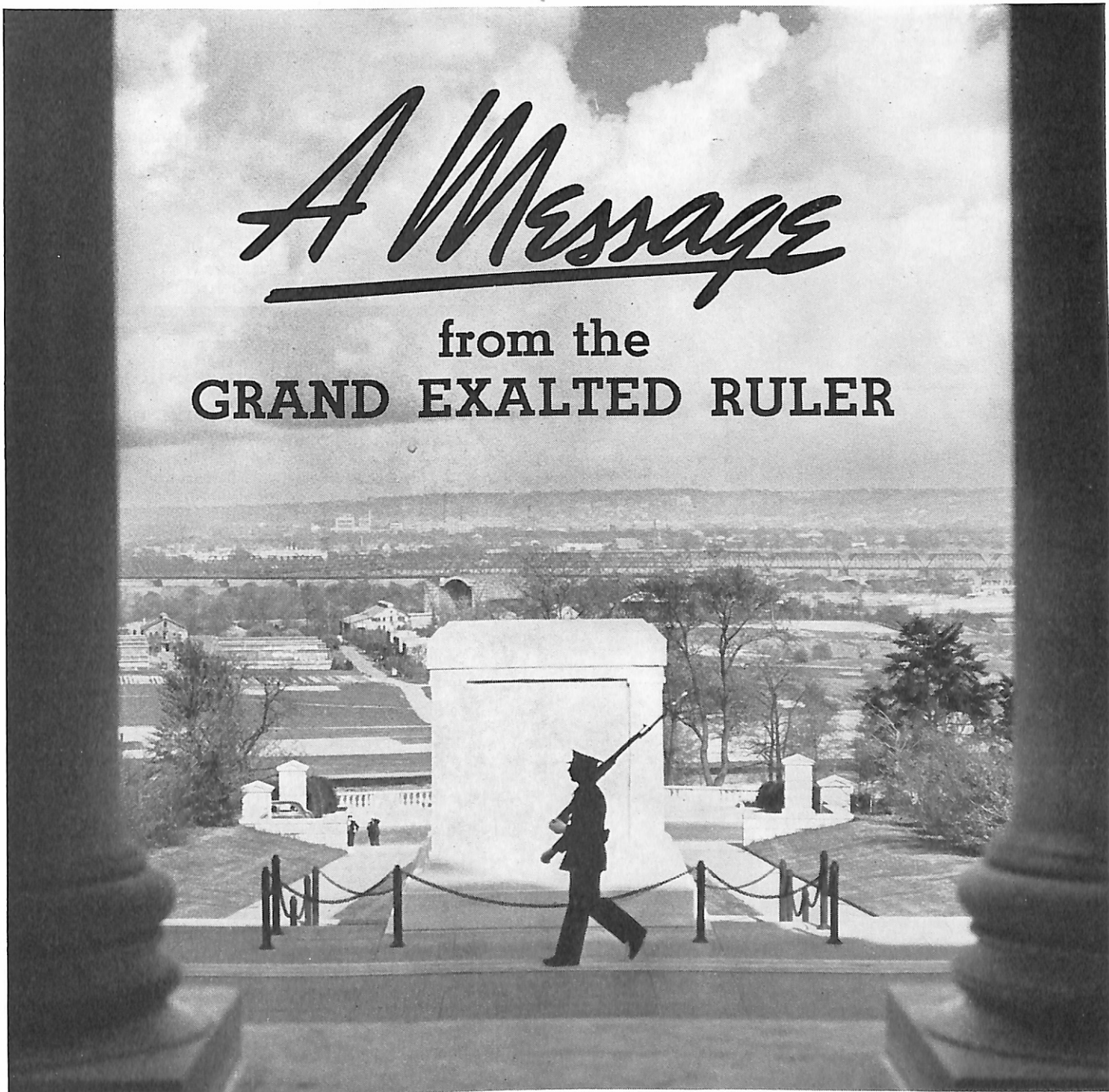
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A Message

from the
GRAND EXALTED RULER



H. Armstrong Roberts

DEAR BROTHERS:—

As we approach the Thanksgiving season let us be mindful that our members are citizens of the United States of America, which stands foremost today as the leading nation of the world, with resources and wealth that are almost unlimited and with a future of marvelous possibilities. We in America have much cause to be grateful. The record of our Order for patriotic efforts is well and favorably known. As this message is written war is raging abroad. We hope we will not become involved, but only time will determine definitely what may be in store for us. Meanwhile, the members of our Order will stand as a bulwark of patriotism in the days to come. They will be an inspiring example to their fellow citizens. We are not required to carry a gas mask for our protection. We view an aeroplane overhead without fear of the fact that it may be destined to destroy us. We aim to stifle alien propaganda. We seek neither a war nor a dictatorship. We

want to attend to our own business in a true American way. We should continue to endeavor to develop an even better pro-American spirit. We want to continue the tasks of the forefathers who founded this nation and dedicated it to liberty, and as Elks we may be relied upon to do so. We are fortunate and thankful because we are Americans. If we continue the broad program of Americanism which our Order has always fostered and if we favor a strict observance of the principles of Americanism, the Elks will be of real service to the nation at this perilous period of its existence.

Fraternally and sincerely,

H. C. Warner

Grand Exalted Ruler.

NOVEMBER 1939

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THE Elks MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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THIS MONTH We Present—

THE attractive person at the top of this column is *Eleanor Arnett Nash*, a sister of the famous humorist, *Ogden Nash*. This is her first appearance in *The Elks Magazine* and her story, "Losers Weepers", bids fair to rival her brother's funniness. She is a former President of the Women's Metropolitan Golf Association, so you can bet she



knows her subject. She's also the mother of three growing youngsters and a fashion lecturer for a famous New York department store. The hero in her story is a fine golfer and an ordinary fellow, except for one thing: he just can't bring himself to win golf matches. On the other hand, the girl he loves and hopes to marry. . . . But that would be telling too much. You'll find out for yourself on page 16.

Below on our right is *William Fay*. You've seen his stories in *Collier's Weekly*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and *American Magazine*. He's written "Razzle Dazzle" for us, an intriguing yarn of football, young love and a very tough guy who didn't think he liked either of them.

Fergus Ferguson, author of "Time to Remember", is one of the best known writers of current fiction, particularly short shorts. Most of you remember others by this gifted story teller in past issues of *The Elks Magazine*.



Frederick William Clemen is with us for the first time. We know you'll enjoy his article on the night-flying messenger pigeons of the U. S. Army.

An announcement of the Elks National Foundation Scholarship prizes for 1940 appears on page 31. The Foundation Trustees have compiled a concise set of rules and regulations. This important work is one with which every member of the Order should familiarize himself. In the fraternal news section is an announcement of the Elks National Bowling Tournament to be held at Fort Wayne, Ind., beginning March 1st. Last year's Tournament had 578 five-man teams. Get your entries in and make this a record year.

Stanley Frank, *Edward Faust* and *Joe Godfrey, Jr.*, are all familiar names. They need no introduction. So go to it.

THE EDITORS



WHEN A
MISS MAKES
A HIT
...why don't you
give him

Better
Smoking
Tobacco

Velvet

—for MILDNESS
fine old
Kentucky Burley
aged in wood

—the FLAVOR
of pure maple
sugar for extra
good taste

Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Better tobacco
for both

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Out of the cheering and the music and the laughter Margie had appeared. "Oh, Tony, you were so manly."

TONY DANIELS looked at his old man with all the affection that a son can roll together in nineteen years. "It would have been a great tradition, pop," Tony had said. "The Dynasty of the Daniels." "Dynasty?" Old Mike Daniels was puzzled. "Oh, you mean like kings. I get it," and the age ran out of his face and the creases in his granite flesh reversed themselves in honest pleasure. "You been reading too many newspaper accounts, Tony. College is better. Much better." "I have a lot of fine books home," Tony said dolefully. "I could read them more comfortably there."

"You was always handy with books," old Mike told him, "but college is different. You'll like it at Holt. Just look aroun', Tony. It's beautiful."

Now, when it was five hours later, Tony perceived how delightfully correct the old boy had been. Holt was beautiful, and so was the night, with the tree branches threading the moonlight into golden shafts that danced upon the water of the lake. The girl's name

was Margie, and she was beautiful, too. Oh, my, yes. She had the eyelashes of a daisy, but the eyes, of course, were not yellow; they were blue; and they looked through the regular setting of the lashes up into his own.

"I never felt like this before," Tony said. "I don't know what it is. It's different. It's like a poem to be standing here. It's kind of holy."

She said, "We shouldn't be standing here. I've only known you for a few hours, Tony, but you're different, too. Honestly you are. It's just that—oh, I don't know what it is."

He kissed her awkwardly, because he meant it, and whatever technique he had known back in Manhattan was vanished with the trepidations of his new-found romance.

Young love came right up out of the ground, uninvited, and slugged them with a heavy axe. The arrows would come later, and there they were, the two of them,



RAZZLE RAZZLE

Margie had a tough time convincing Tony that young gentlemen were in college to be educated—not eradicated.

by William Fay

Illustrated by HARRY BECKHOFF

standing by the water's edge and drinking in the night, but mostly each other, and wondering what that emotion was that was half sickness and half bounding, irrepressible joy.

Her hands traced the line of his neck. She paused in the middle of a breath. "What did you do to your ear?" she asked him.

"There's nothing wrong with my ear," he stated flatly, because he did not wish Margie to discover anything in him that was wrong, although he would be the first to admit, in other circumstances, that his sins were average and naturally multiple, as whose are not?

"Your ear is swollen," she insisted and there was worriment in her voice that bespoke possession. It was no longer his ear; it belonged to them both.

Now Tony knew very well what was the matter with his ear, but he had believed the disfigurement to be small. "It just grew that way," he said. "It's just lumpy on the end, on the lobe. Didn't you ever see a

guy with a bulbous nose, or a gal with buck teeth?"

She said yes, she had seen such things, and so he kissed her again, this time with a greater talent but with no greater warmth, because the temperature had been permanently fixed when first their glances met in the office of the registrar.

Footsteps fell along the gravel path that wove through the trees and circled the lakes, and so they walked away from the footsteps under an arch of more great trees and thence upon the campus that was flat and wide in the valley forged by the tumbling hills.

Tony was a smart guy who had always been as glib as a victrola, but now his tongue felt as thick as the kind you can get in the butchers and he didn't know what to say to the pretty girl who walked beside him. He glanced around at the steeples of ancient Holt College that rose here and there like huge citizens of the night, and he thought it rather wonderful how you could smell the fine air and the ivy and the education all at once.

"They have a nice little place here," he said finally, and realized that their hands were interlocked and swinging just as the branches of the trees overhead were swinging, very softly and with fine contentment.

She laughed and she said, "It's funny how you say that, Tony. They have a nice little place here. Of course, they have, but I guess everyone knows it. It's fine and old, and it—it has tradition. It's enduring." She said it deliberately but with fine faith. She sounded

very much like the school catalogues sent to parents. "There's Delta house," she said, and pointed to a dark mass under some more trees, with white shutters and pillars, just as she might have said, "There's Norma Shearer, or Napoleon." Tony looked and it was just a building. He felt something but he didn't know just what it was. He wondered what the boys on 116th might call it.

Holt was a wonderful place of an evening because it was full of shadows and he was able to kiss her swiftly before she vanished into the house in which she lived on the rim of the campus. It looked like all the other houses.

He floated back to his room which was three flights up in a venerable structure that looked like Independence Hall. The door was ajar and he could see the splash of yellow light inside.

The busy hours had not permitted him to meet his roommate who was at the moment bent over a suitcase and presenting Tony a huge expanse of straining trouser. Tony said, "Hello," and his roommate swiveled about and stood up and was only slightly smaller than a horse. "I'm Albert Brown," the young giant informed him and seemed to be chuckling about the matter, then alternately making faces as though something hurt very much.

"I'm Tony Daniels," said Tony and shook the big guy's hand. "Who hit you in the eye?" Tony wanted to know and Albert looked shamefully at the walls in embarrassment. "Football," said Albert uncertainly, as though football were a plot against him.

"There's no percentage in football," Tony said and sat on the edge of the unruffled bed. He kicked off his shoes.

"Oh, football is keen," said Albert and Tony could perceive that Albert had been born a stooge. He liked Albert. "It's just that I wasn't ready for it, that's all. The first day of practice, too. Does the eye look bad?"

"It looks terrible," said Tony. "It's a beauty; a nice eye. How come you guys scrimmage the first day of practice?"

Albert suffered his way up to his confession. "I didn't scrimmage," he said. "I fell over a bench in the locker room."

"Wait'll they scrimmage," Tony said merrily. "They can bury you under the goal posts." He crawled under the sheets. "Football is for suckers," he said. "G'night, Albert."

The lights went out and Albert immediately made noises that could be beast, bird or fish, but Tony didn't mind. He liked Albert and he was thinking of Margie and his thoughts were softer than the pillow that held his head. He would meet Margie at eleven in the morning, at which time they had no class. He would meet her by the lake, in the very same spot.

The morning was full of sunshine and undergraduates, a good proportion of whom wore skull caps on their heads. Tony decided it was either a rabbinical seminary or the guys were crazy, but every man to his personal tastes in hats. The young men walked with dignity and it was easy to see that ancient Holt was a proper place. It was a school for somnambulists.

But when Tony next sought to take a step he found himself surrounded by serious young men, none of whom wore hats. Said one of the young men, a large and widely constructed scholar, "Where is your hat?"

Tony, blinking, said, "Where's your own hat, pally? Mine's home on the hook. I've gone collegiate." He looked about at the blanket of dead pans and inquired. "You boys don't mind, do you?"

The large undergraduate spoke again. "We don't like your attitude, mister, and it could not possibly be news to you that freshmen are required to wear skull caps."

Tony smiled. "If it's all right with you, chum, I got a date, and the freshmen can wear anything from dandruff to a permanent wave. See you later."

The large man pushed Tony rather violently and Tony was surprised to see such energy burst forth from a Holt man. He was also annoyed. He said, "You do that again, my fine big bag of meat, and you will suffer a violent surprise."

"Take his pants off!" offered a union of voices, to which Tony inquired, "Take whose pants off?" and wound up a left hook.

The boys must have been serious, because hands fell upon Tony and he let the left hook go and it bounced like a small bomb from the features of the campus spokesman who suffered a violent surprise as predicted. Tony clung to his trousers with his right hand and let the left hook go again. It was an efficient left hook that caused another Holt man to sail through the air. Tony felt his trousers slipping and the shame of this circumstance gave new energy to his competent limbs. He kicked artfully with his feet until there was a wide circle of space about him in which he could move, and when he moved he knew precisely what to do, whereas his antagonists did not. He hit an advancing sophomore, for sophomores they proved to be, very squarely in the undeveloped beard, then stroked another with a strenuous right hand in the center of his stomach.



He said, "Hello, Margie," and his tired heart was hungry for a favor. "Don't you say hello to me," said Margie.

In the middle of his rage he knew a certain sympathy for his sophomore mates because they were obviously lousy opposition; they were innocent of any fistic talent and would readily have perished in the jungles of Manhattan from which Tony had evolved.

When he was brought sweating and disheveled and very much outraged before the Dean of Men, he had this thought in mind. Dean Harris was a man of gentle dignity and snow-white hair, but he was young in the face and brightly blue in the eyes and much more formidable than his easy manner would suggest. He listened in blinking disbelief to the charges. And then for a moment he tapped a pencil against his teeth.

To George Richardson, bleeding sophomore, the Dean said, "Do you mean to tell me this mild looking freshman knocked out seven sophomores? Oh, no, Richardson, it just couldn't happen. It doesn't make sense."

This appeared to Tony as a personal insult and he wasted no time in correcting the Dean's state of mind. "If I couldn't dust off a dozen of those bums in twenty minutes, sir, I would gladly resign from your college."

The Dean passed a hand across his face, and when the hand had passed, his face was properly adjusted to the moment. "That is very liberal of you, Daniels," he said, "but possibly you wouldn't be required to resign if you only knocked out ten. We haven't had anything like this happen at Holt in the last twenty years."

"You mean you haven't had anything happen at Holt!" Tony was very disturbed. "When sixty guys try to remove the pants of one freshman, that is not sport, and I maintain my right as an American minority

to slug any and all sophomores interfering with my individual rights. Not only that, but I don't like those hats!"

"The hats, my dear young man, are traditional. Freshmen always wear those hats."

"You should've put that in the catalogue before my old man sent you people his check," said Tony. "It should've been in writing. It isn't fair."

"It isn't exactly sporting of you to annihilate the sophomore class by yourself, either," said Dean rather forcibly. "This is a seat of learning and not just a big gymnasium."

"Then they should learn these guys how to avoid a left hook," said Tony. "You shouldn't send such delicate boys out to face the world. They'll get hurt."

"We don't wish to be professional thugs," said George Richardson who spoke as though he were the perennial breath of Holt. "This has always been a school for gentlemen."

"Shut up, Gwendolyn," Tony told the protesting student, then turned his attention back to the Dean. "You figure it out for yourself," he told that learned man. "If slugging guys in defense of your own pants isn't sufficient grounds, then bounce me out of here on my ear. I have a date." He turned in his confusion and walked swiftly from the office, suffering in his inner self because he was not loved by his companions. Tony wanted very much for people to like him and when they did not he was unhappy.

He walked through great lanes of gaping young men and women, down to the spot by the lake where Margie would be waiting. But Margie was not waiting, and it was an unimportant, uninviting lake without her. He turned and sought Margie because he wanted to be with her very much.

He looked many places until he thought of the campus cafeteria and realized that the lunch hour was already upon them. Students cleared a path for him as he entered the crowded room, and there was Margie, sure enough, as beautiful as ever, standing by the soda fountain and looking very disturbed in the temper. She was frowning and a frown does not become a dream girl.

He arrived at her side and a student voice was loud in proclaiming, "Did he tell the Dean where to get off! Did he tell him? He said he could slug those Holt pansies a hundred at a time!" It was a feminine voice and there was admiration mixed with the wonderment it spoke.

Margie asked slowly and through clenched teeth, "What did you tell the Dean?"

Tony sought to smile. He said, "That don't butter any biscuits with you and me, honey. I just told the old turkey. . . . What's the matter, Margie?"

Margie went up in the air like an auto-gyro, with her arms waving in exactly that fashion. She was a lady of spirit and he withdrew from the vicinity of her wrath, feeling certain she would kick him if she did not bite him. His heart grew small inside of him; she advanced and he withdrew. His elbow collided with a chocolate malted milk that capsized and then retaliated by pouring itself over his riot-provoking trousers.

"I'll have you know that you can't talk like that about my father!" she shouted and she was all the wonderful spirit and hustle that Holt College had been doing so long without. Her father! He wondered why the walls of the cafeteria remained unshaken. Her father! He wished to beg innocence of any previous knowledge that the Dean was Margie's old man. "You gorilla, you!" she pursued him. "You gunman!" Even though he loved her she provoked him, and there was a limit to the adjectives he could absorb, although there was no limit to the adjectives she could invent in her moment of stress. She scathed and punished him and finally she said, "My father is one of the greatest educators in the world, you assassin! Can you say as much?"

"My old man couldn't be bothered taming little boys," Tony maintained in a moderate scream. "My old man had more education in his left hand than they have in all this gilded doghouse you call a college. And nobody's gonna take my pants (Continued on page 38)



SHORTLY after Joe Louis showed remarkable restraint in the first defense of his heavyweight title against Tommy Farr, he was given \$15,000 for making a picture in Hollywood with an all-Negro cast. This priceless turkey was called "Spirit of Youth" and was a free-hand biography of Louis' career. At the victory dinner celebrating Joe's cinema championship, the assembled guests are feeding their faces with great diligence when it is noticed that Louis is not eating. A free-loader politely urges the hero of the opus to get his teeth into the party and, by all means, that fried chicken.

"Ah'm not hungry," Louis answers with eloquent significance.

Well, sir, the boxing writers who saw a preview of the picture in New York rolled in the aisles when Louis, a magnificent two-fisted performer at the trough, delivered that deathless crack. They laughed and laughed

largest gate in boxing history, more money than he ever dreamed existed. Louis never again will be hungry, and maybe that's why Louis did not explode the savage punches, once unloaded by a struggling colored boy when they meant so many punches in a meal-ticket, until he met Schmeling for the second time. Then he was hungry for vindication, and outraged pride gnawed within him for satisfaction when he confronted the only man who had ever beaten him. Every literate American by this time knows of the extreme and harrowing misfortune which befell the German in the second minute of the first round.

"Hunger" is a common word in the working vocabulary of men who play games for a living and need championships for trade-in value at the corner grocer. Just before the 1937 National Open golf tournament, sleek, well-fed Gene Sarazen, a big money-maker for years, was hitting his shots crisply and precisely. He

Strictly From Hunger



by Stanley Frank

Mr. Frank decides that what the athlete really craves is a bite of the apple of almost anybody's eye—that, or a good beefsteak

until someone wondered out loud if three little words, "Ah'm not hungry," might not be the tip-off on Deadpan Joe.

The Joe Louis who pulverized ex-champion Primo Carnera and Max Baer one year after he turned professional was not the same dark devastator who was knocked out by Max Schmeling and was thrown into confusion by Bob Pastor, Jim Braddock and Farr, earnest young men but never regarded as better than second-raters in the trade. Louis was a listless, fumbling fighter after the Baer bout, and small wonder.

Fifteen months after he got fifty dollars for his first professional fight, Louis received \$217,337 of the sixth

seemed to have recaptured the deft touch which had brought him the championship twice before and book-makers did a brisk business in smart money wagered on Sarazen, support which amused the pre-tournament favorite.

"I won't win," Sarazen predicted the night before the firing commenced. "I'm not hungry enough."

Sarazen didn't win. Ralph Guldahl, a hungry man who had been following the tournament circuit with his wife and young son in a battered car, nailed the title on the final green.

The hungriest ball team in modern times was the St. Louis Cardinals of 1934. Dizzy (Continued on page 46)

NEW books are piled high on the bookstore tables and may now be classified in two groups: those that deal with current politics, including war, and those that carry the mind far away from war. Fortunately, the latter are not merely dream books, escapist fiction, but solid works about the arts and biographies of men of other days. For those who will soon face the need of making book lists for Christmas giving, let me suggest a few titles.

Art books will dominate this season. They are led by "A Treasury of Art Masterpieces from the Renaissance to the Present Day", a sumptuous printing in color of 144 plates of famous paintings, from Giotto to Grant Wood, with descriptive passages by Thomas Craven, facing each picture. You'll have to save up for this; it's a \$10 item. (Simon & Schuster). "Modern American Painting", with eighty-six illustrations in full color, is as much text as pictures; Peyton Boswell, Jr., writes the text; the plates are from *Life Magazine*. (Dodd, Mead, \$5). John Sloan's "Gist of Art" is a spirited book of discussion and advice, filled with talk about painting, much of it growing out of the author's teaching. Included are plates of Mr. Sloan's paintings, in black and white. (American Artists Group, \$3.75). "Masterpieces of European Painting in America", 317 reproductions edited by Prof. Hans Tietze (Oxford, \$3) reveals some of the treasures now in American gal-

Raymond Moley, whose new book "After Seven Years", about the current administration has caused so much comment.



WHAT AMERICA IS by Harry Hansen

eries and private collections. "An American Artist's Story", by George Biddle, is another personal testimony of much interest.

Just as interest in art is having a revival, so interest in the great men of the American past continues to bring us good books. The latest original study of importance is "Thoreau" by Henry Seidel Canby, which should appeal to all who found much meat in Van Wyck Brooks' "The Flowering of New England", and other books dealing with the great of Concord. Thoreau was the extreme individualist and today his views on life and government are no less the concern of scholars than his comment on nature; Dr. Canby has devoted years to an examination of all the available material on Thoreau and interprets him in the light of our better knowledge of him. He presents the whole man in all his picturesque experiences, his ideas, his background and his associations with the transcendentalists of Concord, the classic town of American literature. (Houghton, Mifflin, \$3.75)

Practically everybody in the United States must have read the Christopher Robin verses that A. A. Milne began publishing in 1924. The story of the king's breakfast, for instance, when the king begged: "Could we have some butter for the royal slice of bread?" The poem about Christopher Robin's visit with Alice to Buckingham Palace to see the changing of the guard, and that rollicking verse about James Morrison Weatherby George Dupree, whose mother went down to the end of the town and never came back.

In his "Autobiography" Mr. Milne tells how he wrote these verses for "When We Were Very Young" in a summer house during a lot of rainy days, when he had been offered 2,000 pounds (then about \$9,000) for a detective story by a publisher. He had the idea that what he was doing wasn't really work, but the verses caught on; 500,000 copies were sold before they went into a cheap edition. The author of "The Dover Road", "Mr. Pim Passes By", "The Red House Mystery" and other plays and stories is very modest about it all; he

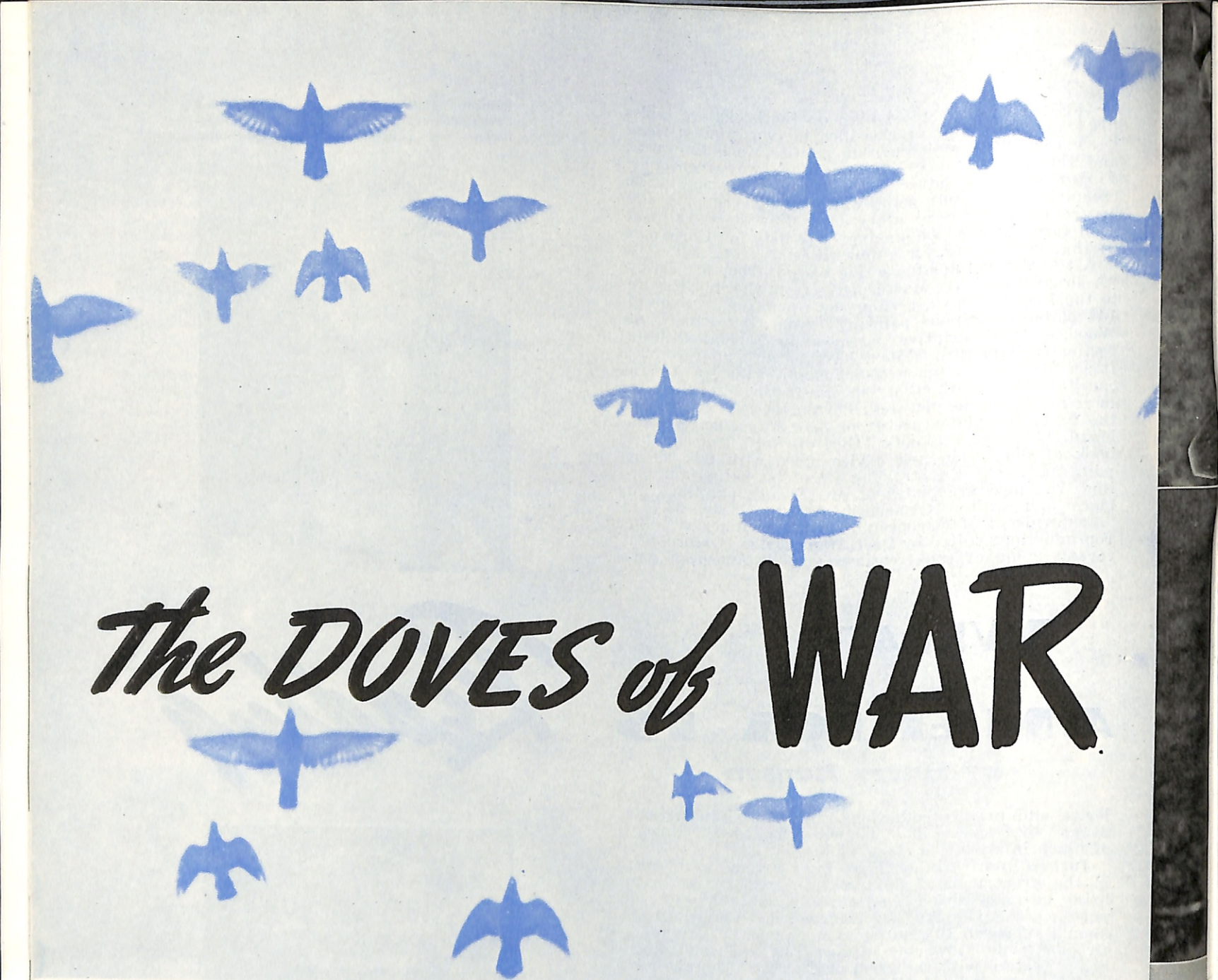
Reading



Here's the jacket design for Francis Hackett's latest novel, "Queen Anne Boleyn".

doesn't make an awful fuss about his success, and he confesses that writing is hard work, even now. There are days and weeks when he sits at a desk and tries to put ideas together; it's hard to believe that so much hard labor goes into the making of plays and sketches that read so fluently and easily.

This is a new kind of autobiography, one in which the author doesn't brag his head off about his books, his earnings and his rich friends, as Arnold Bennett did in his "Journals". But (Continued on page 37)



The DOVES of WAR

WHEN the black-out of night throws its screen of darkness, a strange and selected company of gallant Army fliers takes wing at Army posts in New Jersey, Panama Canal Zone and Hawaii. They speed through the night on training flights to test a new and unusual method of communication developed by the U. S. Signal Corps.

Neither the roar of airplane engines nor the drone of whirling propellers heralds the passage of these night fliers. They pass in the darkness as silent as ghosts. Nor do the regulation red and green running lights gleam from their wing tips. These fliers dash through the blackness as shadowy as night itself.

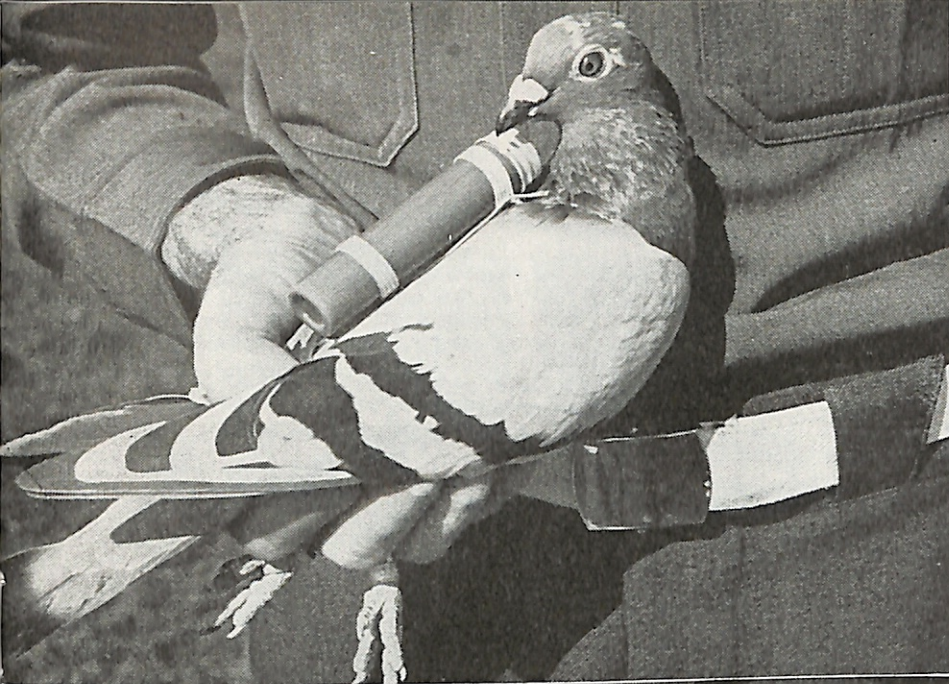
It matters not to these nocturnal aviators if the skies are bright with stars or overcast by clouds, for the simple reason that every one of them flies "blind". And yet the glowing instrument boards and radio beams that guide other pilots through the night are not employed by these dauntless aeronauts. They reach their respective goals with the aid of a homing device so secret in its make-up and so baffling in its function that no man as yet has been able to solve its mysteries. For these new and important "Night Hawks" of the Army are Homing Pigeons of the Signal Corps. Through selective breeding and long training they have learned to fly at night, thus reversing all the instincts

and habits of a bird which, to start with, is a timid day-time creature inherently afraid of the shadows of night.

The mission of these night flying "homers" is to carry messages during the hours of darkness, from front line trenches, from ships at sea, from planes over enemy territory and from secret agents performing their dangerous work behind the enemy's lines. It may truly be said that the humble Homing Pigeon, the proverbial Dove of Peace, is an important and permanent cog in the new and improved war machine now being assembled by Uncle Sam for defense against aggressors.

Naval experts may construct bigger and faster battle-ships . . . general staff officers may stream-line the mechanized army . . . chemists may brew ultra-killing gases and invent more powerful explosives . . . aviation engineers may develop deadlier combat planes . . . radio specialists may increase the range and power of their invisible beams, but, when all is said and done, the maintenance of communication in the heat and destruction of battle may hinge upon the ability of Homing Pigeons to wing their way from planes aloft, from ships at sea and from troops in the trenches after radio waves have been shattered by man-made static and field telephones and telegraph lines shot to pieces.

The United States is the only country which has



Left is Sergeant Clifford Poutré showing the new type experimental cartridge-shaped capsule for messages.



Center: Regulation old type message container clamped firmly to the bird's right leg. If the new type is successful it more than doubles the bird's carrying capacity.



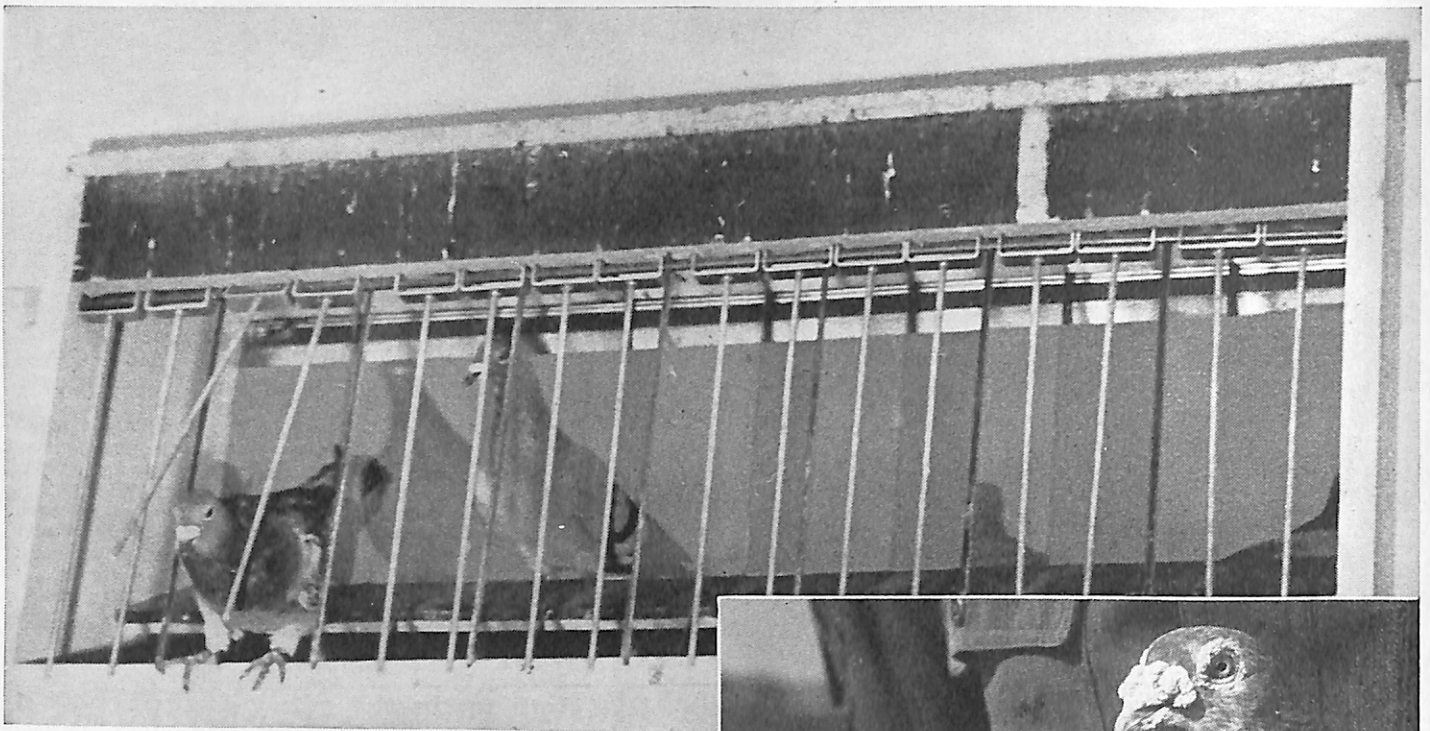
Below: Racers or war birds are convoyed in these light wicker baskets. The bird in flight in the foreground will hit a speed of approximately sixty miles an hour.

High up in the pitch darkness of a blacked-out night against heart-breaking odds, Uncle Sam is developing a brand new breed of messenger—"The Night Hawks"!

by Frederick W. Clemen

developed a strain of night-flying pigeons. This work was started at the Signal Corps Experimental Station at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, in 1925. But even now, after nearly fifteen years of effort, there are less than 100 "Night Hawks" among the thousand "homers" in the Army. This low number is because it is almost as difficult to make Night Fliers out of Homing Pigeons as it is to make combat pilots out of ordinary airmen. They represent the finest strain of Army racing pigeons with inheritances of fearlessness under fire that date back to the World War. But despite the fact that Army Signal Corps pigeoners now work with the ninth generation of Night Fliers, each young recruit has to be taught through patient training to overcome its inborn aversion toward flying at night. These birds are more high-strung, more nervous than day-time "homers" but, at the same time, much more alert.

The training of "Night Hawks" at Fort Monmouth is being conducted by Staff Sergeant Clifford Poutré, in charge of the Signal Corps Experimental Pigeon Lofts, and a squad of enlisted men. They work under the direct supervision of Major Walter C. Ellis, Signal



Above: We're on the inside looking out at a "homer" returning to his loft. The metal rods are hinged at the top to permit the bird's entrance. Once he's inside, the rods fall into place and Daddy is home for the evening. At right is "Kaiser", carrier for the German Army captured 23 years ago by Americans. He is the only survivor of a basketful of birds taken at the same time.



Officer at Fort Monmouth. From this station, units of "Night Hawks" are sent for further experimental tests to the Signal Corps organization in the Panama Canal Zone, Scofield Barracks in Hawaii and various Army posts in the United States.

According to Major Ellis, Night Fliers start their training when they are seven weeks old and they never fly in the daytime for the rest of their lives.

"The average life of a Night Flier," said Major Ellis, "is from eight to ten years, which is about the life span of the daytime 'homer'. In other words, the added strain under which the Night Flier works does not seem to shorten its life. Of course, the casualties among Night Fliers are higher than among other pigeons for the reason that they are apt to crash into tall objects that are hidden in the darkness. At times they are attacked by owls and other nocturnal birds of prey.

"These enemies do not represent a great danger, however, because the speed of the Night Flier averages 50 to 60 miles an hour, as compared to the 40 or 45 miles an hour speed of the daytime 'homer'. The reason for the superior pace of the Night Hawks is probably because they are more eager to get home than their daytime brethren." As a matter of fact, one Signal Corps Night Flier covered a distance of eighteen miles in less than fifteen minutes.

Out of every 20 fledglings selected for night flying, only 12 pass muster. Reliability under all conditions is demanded of every bird. The percentage of reliability among daytime fliers is very high. During the World War, 96 percent of all messages sent by Homing Pigeons employed by the A.E.F. were delivered. Pigeon experts of the Signal Corps hope to attain the same percentage among Night Fliers by producing a nocturnal "homer" through selective breeding.

"Out of the thousands of pigeons that have been tested since these experiments were started," continued Major Ellis, "less than 100 have been found fit. But it is encouraging to know that as time goes on the range of Night Fliers has been extended. The older the bird

and the more practice it gets in night flying, the greater its range. A few years ago, our best Night Fliers could travel only five miles. Now they cover distances up to thirty miles. Of course, this is nothing compared with the range of daytime fliers to whom a flight of 500 miles is nothing at all. But, on the other hand, the distances that Night Fliers would be called upon to make in time of war would be comparatively short. Rather impressive records have been established by our little 'Night Hawks' in Hawaii and the Canal Zone. Seven were released from the island of Malokai at night and landed safely on the island of Gahu, 113 minutes later after an over-water flight of more than 58 miles through a pitch-black night.

"Groupings of lights seem to confuse our Night Fliers. We have definitely discovered that search-lights tend to slow them down. At the same time, lights also seem to serve as definite beacons. In the Canal Zone, for instance, pigeons have been released from Army Air Corps planes 30 miles from their lofts and yet they have winged their way home without hesitation, probably because the bright chains of light strung along the canal serve as directional beacons. Of course, in time of war Night Fliers will perform their missions under conditions of comparative darkness because modern wars call for extensive black-outs throughout the entire battle zone as well as the territory behind it that is within striking distance of bombing planes.

In training Night Fliers, Signal Corps experts utilize the same mysterious homing instinct that guides the daytime flier to its nest. The young bird starts its training in gradual stages. First it is let out of its loft just as dusk sets in and allowed to sit on its landing

board to get acquainted with its surroundings. During the following weeks they are taken increasing distances from their home. First a few feet, then 25, 50, up to 100 yards, until in the course of two or three weeks, they travel more than a mile.

But these night flights are kindergarten stuff compared to the training course that now begins. Placed in baskets on mobile pigeon lofts, the night "homers" are driven over distances up to 15 or 20 miles and tossed into the air by Signal Corps pigeoners. The times of departure and arrival are carefully recorded and eventually each bird is graded as a Five, Ten, Fifteen or Twenty Miler, according to the reliability it shows in the course of numerous tests. During this critical training period the human factor is of tremendous importance. Even as few Homing Pigeons have the stuff of which "Night Hawks" are made, so few human beings have in their make-up the material out of which this highly specialized class of pigeon trainers grow. Good pigeoners are few and far between, and Sergeant Poutré, who has been assigned to this work for several years, is probably the world's leading specialist in this particular field.

When a pigeoneer releases a Night Flier, he picks it out of its basket with a deft and gentle hand. The light aluminum capsule which contains the message the bird is to carry home is attached to its leg by means of a clip. The message is inserted and the moment for departure is at hand. The pigeoneer holds the tiny messenger in his right hand so that its breast rests on his palm, while his fingers cover its wings. He strokes its head, whispers a soft "go on home, baby" and with a swift toss, throws the bird into the air. When it is free, the "homer" takes wing. On clear nights the pigeoneer can see it rise in a steadily winding spiral until it is out of sight. Once the "Night Hawk" has reached an altitude of a thousand feet or so, it sets its course for home.

One peculiar characteristic in this training course is that the "homers" are taught to fly from definite points of the compass. Some of them fly only from west to east or from north to south or vice versa. To make a west-to-east flier to travel from east

to west means that his training has to be done all over again.

What makes a Homing Pigeon come home?

No one knows the answer to that question. Scientists all over the world have tried to probe to the bottom of this mystery but without finding the answer. There are numerous theories, but none have stood the test of time and study. Some students believe that they fly by sight, but this theory is shattered by the night flying activities of Signal Corps pigeons. Others, proceeding on the theory that the surface of the earth is a complex network of magnetic fields, draw the conclusion that Homing Pigeons navigate by means of invisible electric waves. This theory, one of the latest, is now being subjected to intense investigation here and abroad. But if Homing Pigeons fly on beams, the fact remains that laboratory workers have so far failed to find the slightest resemblance to an instrument board or receiving set in the brain and nerve structures of pigeons.

It is significant that Homing Pigeons lose their power of navigation if they are blind-folded or if their ears are stuffed. On the other hand, according to Signal Corps experts, Homing Pigeons do not fly in a straight line. Observers have seen Army "homers" leave their course to travel around thunderstorms and similar magnetic disturbances and pick up their trail after completing their detour.

Memory, as it applies to the geographical contours of the landscape below, does not seem to be a governing factor to the "homer". For instance, Professor Exner in Vienna recently chloroformed some Homing Pigeons and they were absolutely unconscious while they were being transported from their home loft to the point of release. Yet they journeyed homeward successfully over an absolutely unknown course.

Perhaps one of the most amazing things about the Homing Pigeon is that by nature it is not a migratory bird at all. As a navigator, it is purely a man-made product. Through centuries of training the homing pigeon has adopted the travel skill of such seasoned migrators as starlings, ducks and swallows. In probing into the mysteries of homing instincts, (Continued on page 36)

Sergeant Poutré in the act of sending off a "homer". He holds the bird gently so that its breast rests on his palm, while his fingers cover its wings. With a quick toss he releases the bird and whispers, "Go on home, baby." It usually seems to work.



Photographs taken for Elks Magazine at Ft. Monmouth, N. J., by Bob Leavitt

A Short Short Story

By Fergus Ferguson

Illustrated by GEORGE HOWE

WHEN the Armistice Day parade was over Mr. Ladd crossed the noisy square and entered the hospital. He was not happy. As chairman of the board it was his job to discharge the superintendent. It was not a pleasant thing to do, for Old Doc was the hospital. He was its brains as it was his life, his child. But it stood to reason, the board said, that age could not cope with things as well as youth, and he must go. It was sad. Old age is always sad.

Mr. Ladd walked briskly into the Head's office. He noted that the electric clock registered ten-forty and he had another appointment at eleven. Old Doc was not surprised to see him and Mr. Ladd saw at once that Old Doc knew why he had come.

A keen, benevolent gentleman in a quiet grey suit, Old Doc sat at his desk and drank the bitter cup Mr. Ladd held out. It was a smooth, suave speech, nothing open, nothing blunt. Just a hint. The Board appreciated his long years of service and now he must, they felt, think a little of himself. Perhaps a leave of absence, a sabbatical year? It sounded all right, it sounded fine. But Mr. Ladd was mopping his face though the day was cool with only a trace of past summer things in the air. Old Doc watched him blunder among his phrases and, with his usual happy grace, went to the rescue.

much longer, Doc," he said blithely as the nurse disappeared. "You just sit in the sun and let your successor worry himself bald."

Old Doc pulled at his lip. "He'll try reason and logic with them," he said sadly. "And it will get him nowhere which is where it's got me. I don't know what's wrong with them, I'll be blessed if I do." But he did know, really. The poor-whites, for all their taint of superstition, such as the idea that the hospital made away with its victims, were a pious and God fearing people. Fanatics, to be sure. They simply held that city folk had no goodness, no belief, no common human decency. In short, no God. Sometimes Old Doc wondered if they were not right.

He picked up from his desk a yellowing photograph and sat as if waiting for something to happen. Mr. Ladd glanced over and saw that the photograph was Old Doc's son who had not come back from the war. Mr. Ladd, who had come back safe, glanced at the clock. It was almost eleven, almost time for the Minute of Silent Prayer of Armistice Day. He did not want to disturb the old gentleman, so he stood still. But peace was not for Old Doc, for once more the door opened—without a knock, with no ceremony whatever.

A woman stood there. She was tall and gaunt and her shoulders stooped a bit. Her eyes, under the faded calico sunbonnet were pale and opaque. "You be the head man here?" she demanded.

"Yes, Mrs. Rolf." Old Doc's voice showed compassion for her grief but the woman betrayed none. It occurred to Mr. Ladd that her personality was as secret and remote as if she were dead like her son. Then that reflection left him. It did not fade out, but bolted as did all other thoughts except the swift and lonely ones of self-preservation. For in this quiet room above the

TIME to remember

—And after 25 years Old Doc knew Armistice Day was just that and nothing more.

"Rest," he said. "Yes, I suppose that is what I need. Fishing, a bit of sitting about in the sun." It was false, they both knew the whole conversation was false, and Mr. Ladd was grateful. You could always rely on Old Doc for tact. Mr. Ladd became jovial, now that the worst was over and Old Doc accommodatingly smiled. Mr. Ladd was not an imaginative man but it seemed to him it was the smile to end all smiles. Mr. Ladd wondered how he could gracefully retire. He stood smoking his cigar, lifting himself from heel to toe, when the door opened and a nurse put her head in.

"That woman from the country, that Mrs. Rolf is here," she said. "The one whose son died in the accident last night." She waited. "She says we gave him the black bottle," she added bitterly. It was much to take, she was thinking, this poor-white notion that the nurses poisoned their patients. That was pretty thick. Old Doc agreed with her.

"Don't let it upset you," he advised kindly, smoothing her down as he had to smooth everyone down. "Ask her to wait. I'll see her presently."

"What good will that do?" her look said, and flicked over Mr. Ladd. He turned to get out of the stream of that look which unsettled his smugness. He was a power in this deep-south county-seat and he tried to forget when he could about the poor-whites. They were a lot of ignorant, superstitious savages and it wasn't his fault. Perhaps sometime the politicians could get around to providing schools and settlement workers.

"Well, those religious fanatics won't be your headache

common-place familiar street, death was approaching.

"Then you be the one what teaches the nurses to give the black bottle," she stated, and bolted the door. Ladd's hand, raised to his cigar, remained fixed in mid-air as she advanced, a gun in her hand. He stared into the muzzle of that gun. This couldn't be, but it was. She looked at him and at Old Doc and her idea that she was God's instrument could not have been clearer if she had announced it in lights around her head. "An eye fur an eye an' a tooth fur a tooth," she pronounced, "that's what the Good Book says."

Ladd shivered. He couldn't take his eyes from that gun, from the face above it. He thought of executing a flanking movement toward the door but realized he couldn't make it. He was trapped. And speechless. But Old Doc carried on.

"Mrs. Rolf, I am sorry for you. We are all sorry in your grief. We did not poison your son," he said, speaking slowly as if to an idiot child. "We are good people here, people like yourselves who do the best we can, as you do. You think we are not Christians but we are." He was so patient and so steady, sounding not alarmed at all. "We did all we could do for your boy. He was run down in the street; many persons saw the accident, the nurses have explained it all to you."

"They storied to me, like you're doin' now." Fury filled her dim, Old Testament face. "An' now I—"

"Thou shalt not kill," went on Old Doc as if he had not heard her. "Vengeance is Mine," sayeth the Lord."

She responded to that. "The Lord, yes. He guided

"Hear them devil cars out there," she whispered, "hear them ragin' and tearin' up an' down seekin' who they kin devour?"



me. He give me His sign." She leaned over and peered into Old Doc's eyes. "Hear them devil cars out there," she whispered, "hear them ragin' and tearin' up an' down, east an' west, north an' south, seekin' who they kin devour?"

"I hear them." Keeping her talking as he had learned to do in the insane wards.

"They tried to git me," she confided. "Strike me down like they done my boy an' him the strongest an' fastest boy that ever wuz. An' how did I cum through them safe, a puny body like me?" She did not wait for an answer. "'Cause God held them back like He dun the lions fur Daniel."

"And that was your sign?" Old Doc sat so still in his chair, throwing out words, bits of himself into the din from the street, into the danger. "But Mrs. Rolf, I think you did not read it right. For there shall be a stronger sign. A sign among those—those devil cars—"

"Hush!" she cried, her eyes blazing. And the gun came up. Old Doc went on steadily, still talking as to a child not quite bright. "You see, ma'am, we, too, can pray. Here in the city. If you believed that, you would not accuse us of murder. For you would know that we have the same Power to whom we pray, the same as you. I am listening to the clamor of those cars you fear. And I tell you this: I am praying for my life, Mr. Ladd here is praying for his—all the city shall pray. If you should see a whole city praying, Mrs. Rolf, you would know you are among Christians."

"Stop," she shouted, she who knew she was among the devil's own.

"You told me to listen to that din from the street," said Old Doc quietly. "You hear it now, ma'am. Then

I tell you that now it shall stop. No car shall move. All shall stop to pray."

She jerked toward him as factory whistles raised the tone of the city to dementia, the whistles that were the signal for the Minute of Quiet.

"Listen!" said Old Doc. "And pray," he said, and sudden peace was in the room, sharp as a scream. She heard it and wavered. "Look out," he commanded and her glance went to the street. Mr. Ladd held his breath. It wouldn't work. There was not a sound. A late rose in a vase on the desk gave up its petals in a pink shower. And the woman put her hand up to her face. "The cars is stopped," she whispered, and her eyes came back to the men. "The men stand in the streets with their hats off like it was in church—" And now she was on her knees, tears streaming down her face. "The sign—the sign—"

"Yes, I suppose you might think of it as a sign, ma'am." Old Doc's voice was very gentle. "Here in the city," he went on as if talking to himself while his eyes were on the photograph, "here in the city we call it—remembrance."

The roar of traffic was present again. Life went on. Reason and rationality were once more enthroned. Mr. Ladd felt himself all over, not quite sure that he was still whole. Presently he would become indignant that so bizarre a thing should have happened to him. But not now. He was still too grateful merely to be alive. But one thing he knew and would always know: Old Doc was unique. They needed him. He must continue to supervise this madhouse. Never should he be encouraged to rest, to go fishing, to indulge in a bit of sitting about in the sun.



"You're doing that just to enrage me," Aurelia said. "If you could win the tournament. . . ."

"YOU have not," Aurelia announced coldly, "the stamina of an amoeba. You have style and rhythm and coordination. You keep your chin down. You never take your eye off the ball. You have, in fact, everything that a golfer should have—except stamina. You have, as I have just said, exactly as much of that as an amoeba."

Martin drew his putter back slowly, tapped the ball firmly, followed through along the line of the cup. The ball dropped into the hole after having traveled a matter of seven yards.

Aurelia snorted. "You can probably do that nine times out of ten when there's nothing on it. But put you in a tournament, even the smallest and most insignificant hill-billy match, and you muff it."

Martin sighed. He lifted the ball out of the cup, stroked it without appearing to sight it towards the next hole on the practice green and was rewarded by the satisfying sound of its dropping again into the cup.

"You're just doing that to enrage me," Aurelia said. Then she drew a quite nice diamond from the fourth finger of her left hand. "I'm sorry, Martin, but it's better to be unhappy for a little while now than to be unhappy for a long, long time later." And she held the ring out to him.

He looked at it gloomily, making no effort to take it. Then he spoke for the first time. "Have you thought this over carefully?" he asked. "Have you taken into consideration the fact that there may—I don't say that there *is*—that there may be something more important in life than winning tournaments?"

"What," Aurelia asked flatly, "what could there be in life more important than winning tournaments?" Then she shook her head. "No, Martin. I'm afraid that there is nothing that we can do about it. Your being able to ask that question proves without the shadow of a doubt how thoroughly incompatible we are. Please don't make a scene."

"I wasn't going to make a scene," he said. "I was only going to ask you one more question."

"Well—as we're not engaged any more and you won't have much chance to talk to me in the future, you might as well ask it."

"If I could win the club championship would you maybe consider being engaged to me all over again?"

had been the old Ruggles house. It was the old Ruggles house no more because since yesterday it had belonged to him. He had bought it for Aurelia and himself—and for little Aurelia and little Martin who were as real to him as if they were not still curled up among the cabbages. They peeped out at him often when he was alone, but the very sound of Aurelia's hearty voice sent them scuttling back to shelter. This did not disturb Martin. He knew that some day she would want them too, as much as he did. At least, he hoped so.

The house fronted on the sixteenth green of the golf course, which was one of the reasons he had bought it. Aurelia could skip from her bed to the green for practice on her putting which was by far the least sound part of her game. When he came home at night they could play a few holes without bothering to go to the club. Also, on days too rainy to play—and there were a few such during the equinoctial gales—Aurelia could sit on her front porch and look at the course.

It was the house for Aurelia—and she wasn't going to live in it! That is, she wasn't going to live in it unless Martin overcame a trait that was as much a part of his makeup as to be himself.

There are many worthy people who would have told him that that trait was as precious as gold—that it *was* gold, embodying, as it did, the very spirit of the Golden Rule. For what could be a more complete expression of loving one's neighbor better than oneself than deliberately miscalculating a vital putt, or voluntarily turning one's hand over at the moment of the impact of the clubhead with the ball on a narrow fairway hole?

Martin sat down on the steps to think the matter through. After deep reflection, he sighed. He had arrived at this conclusion. Golf was to Aurelia, what music was to Toscanini. To see it badly played was a red hot poker on her naked soul—just as hearing music badly played was burning torture to the conductor.

On the other hand, golf was to him a game, a—he hesitated to voice it even to himself—a pastime. It was, or had been until he had met Aurelia, a pleasure.

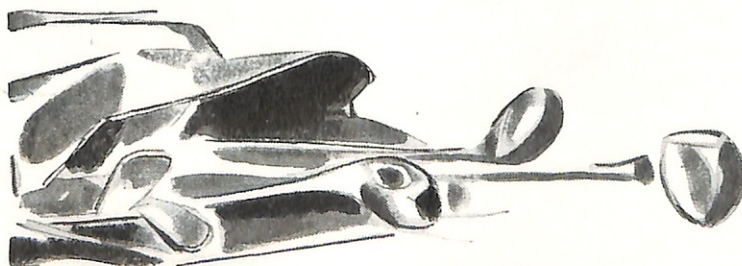
Again he sighed. Exquisitely sharp had been the joy of his many defeats, and equally exquisitely sharp had been the pain of his few victories.

Rising to his feet, he surveyed the golf course. As

Losers Weepers

Unfortunately, golf was just a game to Martin. He was a simple soul who loved his neighbor—almost as much as he loved Aurelia

by Eleanor Arnett Nash



Aurelia laughed scathingly. It was as if he had suggested that he swim the Atlantic—or jump the Grand Canyon. She said, "If you do that, Martin, I'll not only be engaged to you again but I'll marry you right away. However—can you do it?"

"I don't know," Martin said, "but I'm going to try." He took the ring and dropped it in his pocket. As she strolled off the green she heard the maddening sound of a perfectly putted ball plopping into the exact center of the cup.

From the golf course Martin wandered over to what

well admit the awful truth. As well cleanse himself. He squared his shoulders, threw back his head and in a low but resonant voice made his confession. "I, Martin Fortescue, am not a sportsman. I DO NOT LIKE TO WIN. It hurts me to see the gleam leave my opponent's eye, the spring leave his step, the erectness leave his carriage." He paused to gather strength, then went on with grim determination. "I, Martin Fortescue, DO LIKE TO LOSE. Losing is a passion with me—a drug to my senses, an anaesthetic to the anguish of life."

He was, he knew, being a touch flowery—but one is

permitted a touch of floweriness in obituaries. And this was an obituary he was voicing. Because the man he was now, was about to commit suicide in the flames of love. From those flames would rise a new man—a purified, hard-boiled man—a man who could look his opponent in the eye and say, under his breath, of course, “Darn you. I’m a better golfer than you are and I’m after your hide to prove it.”

Away with kindness—away with the soothing sense of adding happiness to the world. Golf was real and Aurelia was earnest. He would borrow both these traits to replace the one he must discard forever. The Golden Rule must be blotted from his consciousness. It interfered with his game.

Soberly he raised his hand in salute to the proud colors flying from the pin on the sixteenth green. “I swear,” he whispered, “to uphold and defend the traditions of golf to the best of my ability—and to be true to the flag—”

THE club championship was always an important event at Cedar Hills. But this year it became the focal point of all community thinking. There was an element of drama, of potential tragedy, which lent a grimness to the coming tournament. Mr. Trelawney, the Grand Old Gentleman of Cedar Hills golf—the Eternal Runner-up, the traditionally game loser, was to play in it for the last time. His number, according to his medico and friend, was up. He would be permitted this final try for the underlying honors of champion, although even this was against the doctor’s best advice.

“I’m not sure that I can answer for the effects of such excitement on that leaky pump of yours, Trelawney,” he said.

Mr. Trelawney, who was afraid of no one but his wife, breathed, “Hush, for Gossake. Haven’t you any sense? Don’t you know that the woman I married has ears as keen as a robin’s? She’s an old fool.” And then he smiled with the calm smugness of a man who has been faithfully scolded and loved by the same woman for forty-five years. “But she’s only an old fool about me. Damn’ smart woman otherwise.”

“Well, if she’s damned smart she’ll keep you out of competition after this,” Dr. Clapper said.

“I won’t have to be kept out after this. I’ll have what I’m after—the championship.” He looked the doctor, a golfer himself, squarely in the eye. “I’ll win this year. I’ve got to. It’s my last chance—and I know it.”

The situation thus created could have been cut to Martin Fortescue’s order. It was, or would have been, except for his resolve, a natural. Mr. Trelawney, in spite of his age and his leaky pump, was a good golfer. He was so good that every year found him in the finals. But Martin was better. No one but Martin knew just how much better he was. Mr. Trelawney was a superb amateur, while Martin would have ranked well among professionals. Meeting Mr. Trelawney in the finals the warmest of warm glows would have pervaded him as he shot just enough off line to carry into the wire grass rough on the seventeenth hole. That was the way he always lost his matches—six or seven up at the turn, then dropping hole after seemingly hard-fought hole. He would have been one down to Mr. Trelawney then, and his gallant recovery out of the trap on the eighteenth hole, netting him a birdie, would have been a fitting hors d’oeuvre to the feast of defeat on the twenty-first hole. Again, the way he lost his matches—giving his opponents their money’s worth of thrills, increasing their appetites for victory by seeming to withdraw it—then handing it to them garnished with the sauce piquant of an uphill pull. They savored those victories long—rolled them on their tongues through endless winter days—

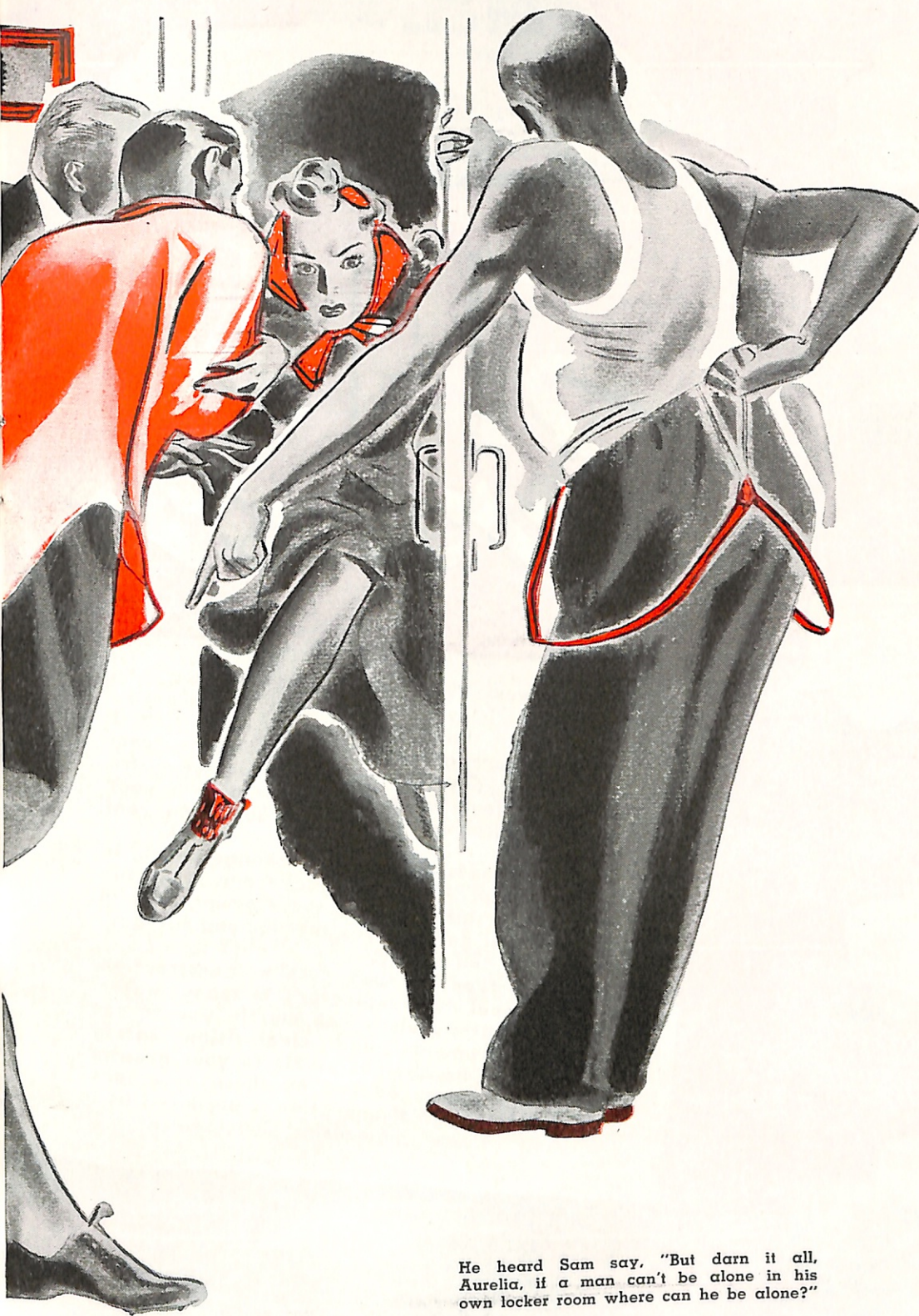
It so happened that Martin had never met Mr. Trelawney in tournament. They had always been in opposite brackets, and Martin had, through his be-setting vice, gone down to defeat long before the finals. But this time—they were again in opposite brackets, according to the drawings posted in the caddy house—they would meet.

Illustrated by
JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.



It was a cruel jest of Fate that Martin, launching on a new life, and Mr. Trelawney, bidding farewell to an old one, should be brought face to face. If it had happened the year before, or the year before that, Mr. Trelawney could have retired to mind his leaky pump, cheered on long golfless days by the greatest victory of them all. As it was—

Tears can be manly. Those shed by Martin in the locker room shower were for the cruel disappointment of a gallant warrior. He had just heard of the leaky pump. He knew of the Grand Old Man’s corroding need to win—and yet he could not let him win. The wife and



He heard Sam say, "But darn it all, Aurelia, if a man can't be alone in his own locker room where can he be alone?"

kiddies—potential though they were—must come first.

The day of the tournament dawned bright and clear and cool. There had been a heavy three days' rain and the course, long parched, had drunk deep and regained its springiness. Fairways permitted of no extra rolls, and balls, properly hit, bit into greens and held. The flower of Cedar Hills golfers was lined up on the first tee, each man on his toes, each prepared to win or go down fighting.

The tournament was unseeded, all the more difficult matches being on Martin's side of the bracket. Cedar Hills, which had also heard of the leaky pump, rejoiced. The Grand Old Man would come easily through to the finals, no undue pressure on his sensibilities. There he would meet Martin and the rest would be a matter of past history.

Martin was among the late starters. He was paired with Sam Peterson, a steady, short hit-

ting, but straight down the middle sort of player. It didn't promise to be an exciting match and most of the gallery preferred to follow Mr. Trelawney who was playing Everett Slade. Mr. Trelawney could roll hoops around Everett, and this he proceeded to do, ending the match on the sixteenth green and walking, with an admiring ribbon of a gallery trailing behind him, to the club house. There they sat around the eighteenth green to watch the finish of the matches.

The Cedar Hills golf course swings back on itself so that the fairways of the ninth and fifteenth holes are parallel. Aurelia, walking on the fifteenth fairway, saw Martin and his opponent coming up to the ninth green. She strolled across in time to see Martin blast his ball out of the trap and lay it dead to the pin.

She said, "And how's the match?" in an impersonal and hearty manner.

Martin looked at her somberly. "I am," he said, "seven up."

"Oh," Aurelia said. Then she frowned. "But you have been seven up on the turn in matches before this."

"I have."

"And it hasn't mattered much."

"No," Martin said, "it hasn't mattered much."

Aurelia said, "Hum," which might have meant either a great deal or very little, according to the intonation. What this particular hum meant would always remain a secret, because there was no intonation.

MARTIN got off a screaming drive on the tenth and Aurelia turned away. There were things she could not bear to see—and one of them was the inevitable collapse of a man who could smack a ball three hundred yards down the course every time, until he turned into an amoeba.

But there was nothing amoeba-like in the manner in which Martin finished off Sam. He won the match eight up and seven to go on the eleventh hole, picked up his ball and marched away without even shaking hands with his opponent.

Sam was hurt. It was, he felt, not according to the best traditions of golf that Martin should not give him a chance to tell him about the blister he had developed on his palm after the second hole—or the extra cup of coffee he had taken at breakfast that

morning, the extra cup which always affected his putting. He muttered something about Martin's suddenly having become as hard as nails, not knowing that it was because he was as soft as jelly instead that he had moved away so quickly.

If, Martin reflected as he hurried towards the club, winning each match—and there would be eight of them—was going to be such exquisite torture, then he wasn't sure that he could take it. Sam's disconsolate face would, he knew, haunt his dreams that night. And on each following night another face would be added until the grisly climax—Trelawney of the leaky pump!

As he passed the eighteenth green Aurelia surveyed him in surprise. "What happened?" she asked. "Why did you stop before your match was finished?"

"I did not stop before my match was finished," Martin told her.

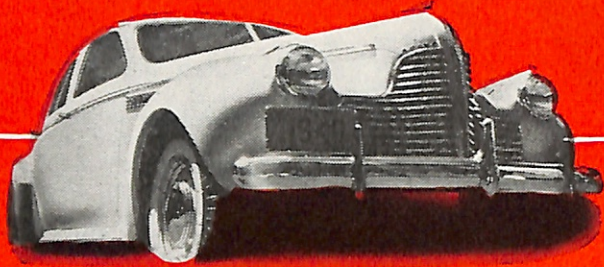
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FORD 85

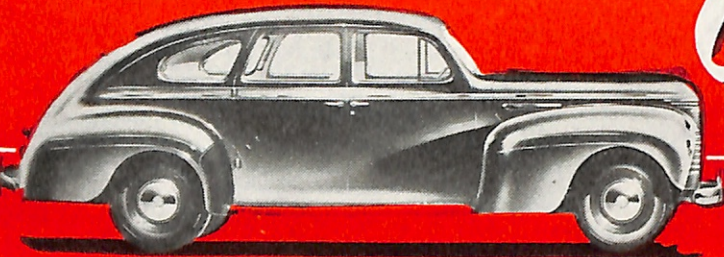


OLDSMOBILE SIX

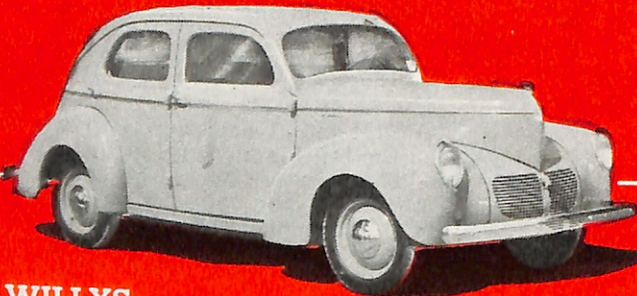


BUICK ROADMASTER

1940 *Cars on*



PLYMOUTH DELUXE



WILLYS



DE SOTO



NASH



CADILLAC

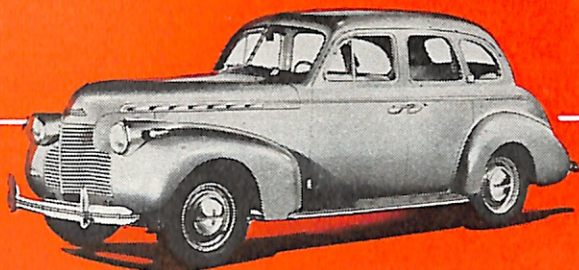


CHRYSLER ROYAL

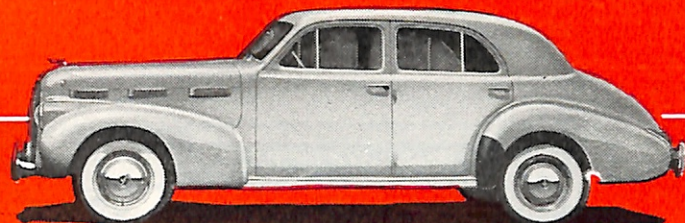
The new 1940 automobiles are now on display all over the country. In general, changes in hood and radiator lines and a lower, more graceful design resulting from a further development of streamlining are improvements over the models of one year ago. Increased passenger room is a real feature.

Front seats are wider, a change which, in conjunction with complete removal of the floor gearshift lever to the steering post in almost all cars, serves the demand for both comfort and safety.

New type of seat cushion construction, directional turn indicators in many makes, instrument panels which enable you to see the instruments and clear-vision safety glass will be obvious assets to your greater riding pleasure offered by these new cars. More economical operation is promised as a result of new engineering developments.



CHEVROLET MASTER



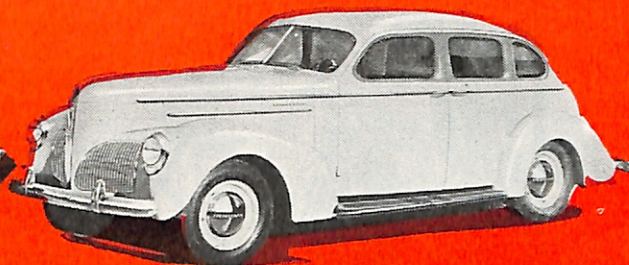
LASALLE SPECIAL

Parade.

With the increased speed of modern automobiles, better driving lights have been the goal of engineers for several years. In the 1940 models, all of the major car manufacturers cooperated to produce the entirely new "Sealed Beam" headlights. These lamps provide about 50% more light for country driving, while a non-glare passing beam is thrown to the right and lessens the possibility of blinding the drivers of on-coming cars.

You'll have to see these new cars—and drive them yourself—to really appreciate what the motor industry offers for 1940.

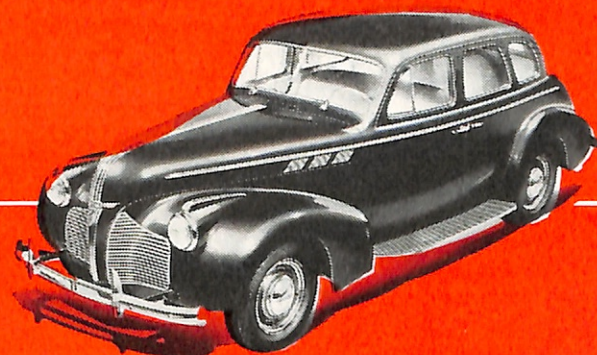
85% of all Elks families already own passenger automobiles, and based upon the average for the past several years, Elks will buy more than 100,000 of the new 1940 cars.



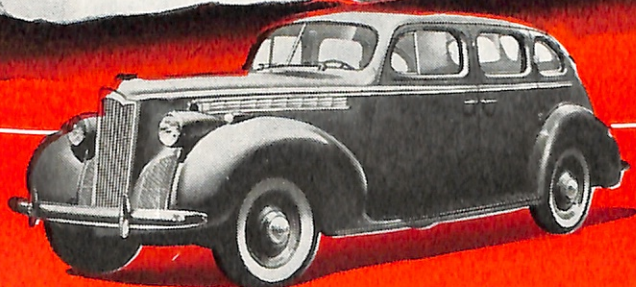
STUDEBAKER COMMANDER



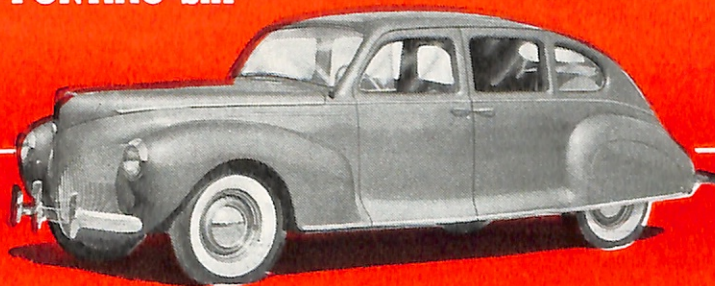
MERCURY



PONTIAC SIX



PACKARD ONE-TEN



LINCOLN-ZEPHYR



HUDSON EIGHT



DODGE



Drawings by Steele Savage



EDITORIAL

A Day of Thanks

THANKSGIVING DAY is to be observed this month, agreeable to long established custom, but this year, for the first time since the establishment of our Order, Elk lodges will not all observe it on the same day. The President, for reasons which appealed to him and many others as being controlling, has called for its observance on November 23rd, which is one week in advance of the customary day—the last Thursday in the month. While persuasive, the date chosen by the President has no legal or binding effect except in the District of Columbia and in the territories of the United States. The Governors of the several states will issue their proclamations, some following the President's lead and others adhering to the last Thursday in the month. One Governor has announced that he will call for the observance on both dates. It may result in the Congress by statute establishing Thanksgiving as a national holiday and fixing a date for its observance.

While this confusion is to be regretted, it makes little or no difference which day is set aside for rendering thanks for the manifold blessings which we as a free people in a free country are privileged to enjoy. It will make little or no difference to subordinate lodges, for regardless of what day is recognized in a given state, the lodges in that state will, agreeable to long established custom, send baskets filled with all that goes to make up a bountiful Thanksgiving

dinner to poor and deserving families. The day affords an eagerly anticipated opportunity to demonstrate in a practical way that the precepts of our Order are not merely expressed in high-sounding words, but are translated into good and kindly deed as well. Whatever the date it is held, we hail the day in a truly grateful spirit of thanksgiving for our own blessings, as well as for the blessings we are privileged to bring to others.

Elks Memorial Day

EVERY subordinate lodge of our Order observes with appropriate exercises Elks Memorial Day which is the first Sunday in December—this year December 3rd.

It is dedicated to commemorating in sacred session the memory of those of our Brothers who have passed to the Great Beyond.

Such sessions are open to the public, and the relatives of those departed are specially invited.

The Grand Lodge has provided a ritual for these exercises with appropriate music and responses, all of which is strikingly impressive.

It is indeed a golden hour of recollection which is observed, responsive to the impulses of the heart.

Voice Transmission

THE marvels of today become the commonplaces of tomorrow, just as the luxuries of today become the necessities of tomorrow. Many examples could be cited but the telephone is of comparative recent origin and outstanding as the marvel of yesterday and the commonplace and necessity of today. Sixty years ago the man would have been written down as a fool who would have made bold to assert that ere long the human voice would be transmitted great distances by electric impulses along wires. Today we grab the phone on our desk and converse in clear tones not only across the continent but across the seven seas. This we do without giving so much as a thought to what a marvel the telephone really is and how deeply we are indebted to the inventor.



Before picking up your phone next after reading these lines, might it not be well to pause for just a moment and drink a mental toast to Alexander Graham Bell? He was born in Edinburg, Scotland, in 1847, and died in this country in 1922. When a young man he sought and found in America both fame and fortune. In Boston University for several years he taught deaf mutes and this experience perhaps had much to do with turning his mind to consider some means of transmitting the human voice to remote places. In 1875 he discovered the basic principle of the telephone and the next year obtained letters patent on a crude device which he subsequently improved and protected by other letters patent. The most nearly perfect of these early devices were crude indeed as compared with those now in common use but they embraced the underlying principle of voice transmission by electric impulses.

As frequently happens in new discoveries and inventions there arose almost immediately a number of adverse claimants each of whom asserted that he and not Bell was first to make the discovery and to make application of the principle through instrumentalities similar to those on which Bell had obtained patents. Extended litigation ensued which finally was settled by the United States Supreme Court in 1888 which tribunal by a divided Court held that Bell was the inventor. The three dissenting justices held that the record conclusively established Daniel Drawbaugh as the real inventor and that Bell's patents were void, being anticipated several years by Drawbaugh. It would seem, therefore, that there was room for doubt as to the merit of Bell's claim, but a petition for a rehearing was denied and so ended the controversy.

Foreign Wars Not Ours

THESE are trying times in which men equally intelligent and patriotic hold sharply divergent views as to what our course of action should be, but there is unanimity on the proposition that we will expend millions, billions if necessary, for defense but not one penny to send our boys to fight in foreign lands and in wars which do not narrowly concern our national welfare.



The warning of George Washington that we stay out of foreign entanglements has been repeated over and over again since he first gave expression to it but, disregarding it, we went pell mell into a foreign war in 1917. We have not yet recovered from that victory.

The President, a member of our Order, has stated with emphasis that we can, we must and that we will stay out of the war now raging in Europe. But will we? Not unless we watch our step.

Senator Borah of Idaho in a recent address stated:

"Let us unite behind a policy which, if carried through in good faith upon the part of the Government and with effectiveness upon the part of the people, will not only shelter our homes from mass murder, our people from poverty and premature graves, but will also go far toward guaranteeing anew the blessing of free institutions. It is an effort worthy of a great and free people."

Charles A. Lindbergh tersely stated in a recent broadcast:

"Our safety does not lie in fighting European wars. It lies in our internal strength, in the character of the American people and of American institutions."

Bringing it home directly to us as Elks, Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott in an appealing address before the recent meeting of the California State Association said:

"Our creed and the condition of the world today require us to reconsecrate ourselves to the sacred cause of liberty under the Constitution of the United States. Let us speak out militantly and declare our faith."

The Order of Elks is composed of patriotic American citizens. It has no lodge not under the Stars and Stripes. It is American through and through. Its five hundred thousand members can exert a tremendous influence in keeping us out of war and in combatting every influence tending in that direction. In the present condition of world affairs our duty is clear. Let us stand shoulder to shoulder for America as against the world. Let us exert our every influence for peace on earth and good will to men. Let there be no rattle of sabers, no clash of bayonets, no crash of musketry and no thunder of bombs and artillery to dull the hearing and no smoke of battle to blind the eyes of our American boys.

Under the ANTLERS



Above: A group of orphans who were entertained at a banquet by Mobile, Ala., Lodge.

The 1940 Elks National Bowling Tournament at Fort Wayne, Ind.

The 23rd Annual Elks National Bowling Tournament will be conducted next Spring by the Elks' Bowling Association of America under auspices of Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge, No. 155, beginning on March 23. Entries will close on March 1, 1940. Everette Scott's Recreation Center on Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne, has been selected as the site of the meet.

Emphasis will be placed on bowling in connection with the celebra-

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

tion of the Fiftieth Anniversary of Fort Wayne Lodge. Antlered kegelers coming from all parts of the country will be entertained during the Golden Jubilee.

The 1939 Elks National Tournament held in Toledo, O., attracted 578 five-man teams. Preparations are being made to accommodate ap-

proximately 600 teams. One condition favorable to the setting of a new mark is the concurrent staging of the Elks meet and the A. B. C. International Tournament at Detroit, Mich., only a short distance from Fort Wayne, giving the Elk bowlers an opportunity to participate in both events on one trip.

Reinhart Stetter, of Fort Wayne Lodge, has been selected General Chairman of the local Tournament Committee which will direct the functions of the various committees in properly conducting the Tournament. Nine diamond championship medals will again be offered. The lodge represented by the winning five-man team will be honored and will receive a beautiful trophy. The Elks Tournament is not a battle of so-called sharpshooters. Truly representative of the Order, its bowling carries out fully the letter of Good-fellowship. To the Elk bowlers who feel the urge to figure in the meet and also the desire to visit Fort Wayne, even though their scores may be restricted to low totals, will go 40 per cent of the prize money. The big shots get the remaining 60 per cent in each event.



Left: A first-aid car, completely equipped, which Vancouver, Wash., Lodge presented to the county.

Right: A class which was recently initiated into Hillsdale, Mich., Lodge to celebrate the dedication of the new lodge room.

Any further information will be furnished through the Secretary of the Association, John J. Gray, 1616 South Sixteenth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Woodward, Okla., Lodge's 11th Annual Rodeo a Huge Success

Thousands of persons from Kansas, New Mexico, Texas, Missouri and Oklahoma converged upon Woodward on Friday, September 8, for the opening of the 11th Annual Rodeo staged by Woodward, Okla., Lodge, No. 1355. The Woodward Rodeo is one of the biggest charitable enterprises and most ambitious undertakings put on by lodges of the Order. It is not sponsored, but is managed and financed entirely by Woodward Lodge. Gate receipts top \$25,000 each year and thousands of dollars in prizes attract the world's foremost professionals. The Elks Rodeo, rated the third largest in the United States, is a member of the Rodeo Association of America and all events are judged in accordance with the rules of the R. A. A. It is the only rodeo in the southwest that permits Steer Roping which, from the standpoint of skill and daring, is known as "the event of champions."

The Rodeo opened with the gigantic Frontier Parade, two miles long. Cowboys and cowgirls, Indians and bands participated, and floats from all over the country were entered. The parade was repeated on Saturday—Grand Exalted Ruler's Day. Frank Newell was Parade Chairman. Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, dressed in full cowboy regalia, and the Governor of Oklahoma, the Hon. Leon C. Phillips, were Honorary Marshals. Other distinguished Elks who participated and also at-



tended the banquet given by Woodward Lodge on Saturday Night in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, were Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight George W. Loudermilk, Dallas, Tex.; Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Stanley J. Shook, Topeka, Kans., and Grand Esquire George M. McLean, El Reno, Okla.; D.D.'s C. C. Armstrong, Bartlesville, and C. R. Donley, Woodward; W. L. Fogg and Howard F. Collins, El Reno, President and Secretary respectively of the Okla. State Elks Assn., and Judge Allen B. Hannay, Houston, Tex., and Judge Bert B. Barefoot of Oklahoma City Lodge, former members of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary.

Every member of the lodge worked for the success of the Rodeo, co-

operating with E.R. Evan Reed and the members of the Elks Rodeo Committee. Joe Osborne, Jr., was General Chairman, D.D. Dr. C. R. Donley was General Secretary, and, as usual, J. O. Selman acted as Arena Director. Miss Sydna Yokley of Canadian, Tex., made a beautiful Rodeo Queen. Although but 17 years old and of slight appearance, she gave a sparkling display of her Lazy "L" Ranch life on Friday when she roped a 400-pound Brahma calf and tied its feet in 54 seconds from the time the calf and her broncho were released from the corral. This was but one of the many remarkable features of the 1939 Rodeo. The stadium in which the program of events took place is one of the finest in the world.

Right is the Ritualistic Team of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge which has done much to promote lodge interest.

Below: The Chanters of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge who won first prize at the Indiana State Elks Assn. meeting.





At top: Biloxi, Miss., Lodge honors D.D. L. A. Nichols (third from left, last row) on his first official visit to the lodge.



Above is the Charleston, W. Va., Lodge State Champion Ritualistic Team which recently officiated at an initiation at Beckley, W. Va., Lodge.

Present and Future Plans of Sistersville, W. Va., Elks

Photographs of all Past Exalted Rulers of Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 333, and as many Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order as can be obtained, are being placed in the attractive foyer of the lodge home. The idea, presented by E.R. Roy C. Heinlein, Treas. of the W. Va. State Elks Assn., met with the approval of the membership and was endorsed by the Board of Trustees.

A "Houston Club" for those members who expect to attend the National Convention at Houston,

Tex., next July, has been organized by the lodge, as well as a "Charleston Club" for those planning to visit Charleston, W. Va., for the 1940 meeting of the State Association. Sistersville Lodge is certain to be well represented at both Conventions, as each club has started out with a large number of members.

N. J. State Elks Hold Quarterly Meeting at Orange Lodge

The New Jersey State Elks Association convened for its first quarterly meeting at the home of Orange Lodge No. 135 on Sunday, September 24. Fifty-eight lodges were represented by 235 delegates with a total attendance of approximately 400 Elks. The newly elected President, William J. Jernick of Nutley

Lodge, presided, with the assistance of the four Vice-Presidents—N.W., Floyd W. Tredway, Boonton; N.E., Eugene G. McDermott, Union City; Cent., Frederick I. Pelovitz, Somerville; South, Daniel S. Reichy, Freehold. Plans were made to fight a spread of infantile paralysis in the State. Joseph G. Buch of Trenton Lodge, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees and Chairman of the State Elks Crippled Children's Committee, reported that the Committee, working in Camden County, had moved 75 children to the Betty Bacharach Home near Atlantic City.

The meeting took place during the week's celebration by the host lodge of its 50th Anniversary. The next quarterly meeting of the State Association will take place in December at Camden Lodge No. 293.

The Aberdeen, S. D., Elks Chorus Makes Many Appearances

For the past six years the Aberdeen Elks Chorus of 20 voices has been a potent force of good will for Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, No. 1046. It has appeared at numerous civic functions, conventions and meetings of various kinds, in addition to visi-



Left is the S.S.S. Flying Cloud and Sea Scouts and Committee. The Sea Scout troop is sponsored by Muskegon, Mich., Lodge.

tations to Elk lodges in both North and South Dakota.

The Chorus won second place in the Glee Club Contest at the National Convention in St. Louis last summer, besides appearing before the Grand Lodge at the Annual Memorial Services and Installation Ceremonies. The Chorus is directed by Prof. John J. Lukken of the Northern Teachers College at Aberdeen.

News of Antlers and Elk Activities At Boise, Ida.

All of the officers and 20 members of the Antlers Lodge of Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, were guests at a dinner recently, celebrating the opening of their Fall season. Boise Lodge of Elks was represented by its officers and the members of the newly appointed Antlers Council—Robert Barbour, Ralph Hopfgarten, Patrick King, Harold Steinkopf and Glenn Griffith. After dinner, the Antlers officers and their Council went into a round table discussion of their policies for the year. Many good ideas were developed, one of which was to observe Constitution Day in joint session, with Antlers and Elks figuring equally on the program.

Boise Elks are baseball minded as attested by the fact that 300 turned out for the banquet given in honor of the Boise Baseball Team, a mem-

ber of the Pioneer League which is made up of Utah and Idaho teams. The Master of Ceremonies, P.E.R. C. J. Westcott of Caldwell, Ida., Lodge, was introduced by P.D.D. Ralph R. Breshears of Nampa, Ida. Among the speakers were Andy Harrington, Manager of the Boise Team, a member of Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge, who spoke for the players, Hayden Walker of Boise Lodge, owner of the local team, and Melvin Smith, Boise Lodge, President of the Park Association which constructed the new ball park. The Boise Elks Pep Band, State Association winner, furnished the music.

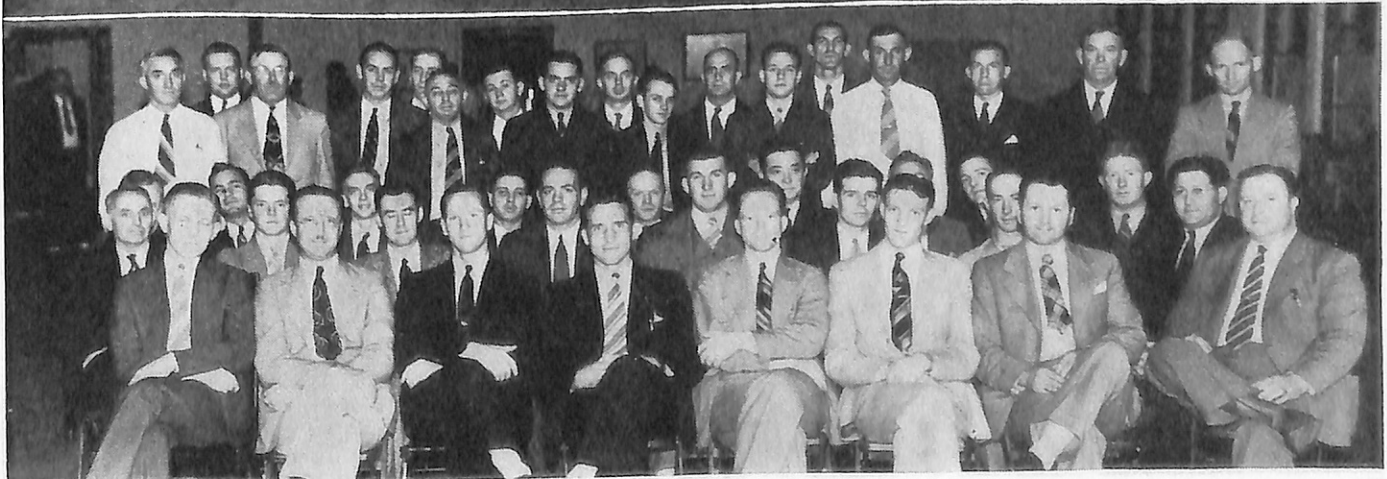
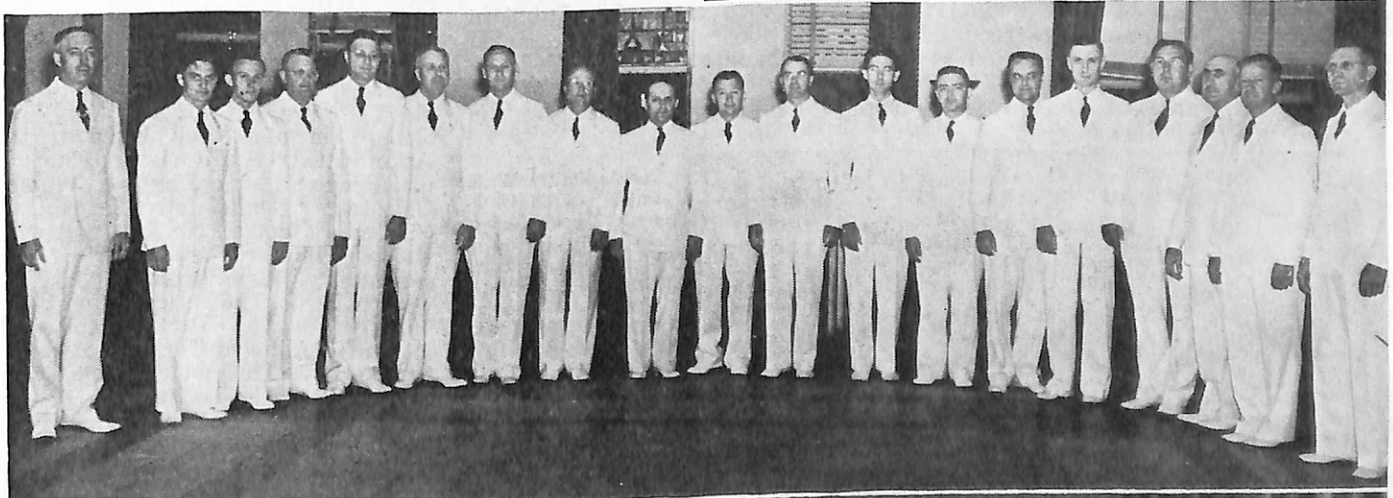
Right: Prominent members of the Order, among them Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, who were present when Richmond, Calif., Lodge dedicated the city's new post office.

Below is the Aberdeen, S. D., Elks Chorus which has won wide recognition throughout the Order.

At bottom is a class of candidates recently initiated into Beckley, W. Va., Lodge.

Mobile, Ala., Lodge Holds 21st Annual Outing for Orphans

Mobile, Ala., Lodge, No. 108, has been entertaining the orphans of the city, irrespective of creed, for 21 years, and never has there been bad weather for the annual event. This year 491 boys and girls swam and romped at Grand View Park. Every orphan from every institution in the city was welcome. General Chairman K. O. Ulstrup, E.R. Harry H. Myers and George W. Pearson who opened the park to the children, were instrumental in making the outing one of the most successful ever held by the lodge.





Left: Firemen of Lyons, N. Y., shown with an inhalator given to them by Lyons Lodge. Pictured with them are officers of the Lodge.

Vancouver, Wash., Lodge Presents First Aid Car to County

As the result of a tragedy, a dream long cherished by Vancouver, Wash., Lodge, No. 823, has been realized. For some time the lodge officers had entertained a plan to furnish the community with a mercy car completely equipped for first aid and with a resuscitator. They were spurred into action by an automobile accident in which a resuscitator from another community played a part. The young woman involved suffered a fracture at the base of the skull which paralyzed her breathing apparatus. A resuscitator was obtained and her breathing became normal. Undoubtedly she would have recovered had not other of her injuries been of a fatal nature.

The great value of the project

which they had had under consideration was brought home to those Elks who had conceived the idea, and they started into immediate action. Contributions poured in to the extent of more than \$3,000. A car, fully equipped, was purchased and turned over to Clark County. It is now being operated jointly with the City Fire Department of Vancouver. As a memorial to the young woman whose death gave the real motivation for the successful carrying out of the project, the car was named the "Francina Manary First Aid Car".

Hutchinson, Kans., Lodge Aids Children With Defective Eyesight

In addition to other charitable work which, last year, included the distribution of 200 Thanksgiving baskets and a gift of \$100 to the

Big Brothers, Hutchinson, Kans. Lodge, No. 453, engages individually in one of the most beneficent activities carried on by the Kansas State Elks Association—that of furnishing eyeglasses to indigent children. Eighty pairs were distributed by Hutchinson Lodge in 1937-38, and 85 pairs in 1938-39. In 1937-38 the State Association gave out over 300 pairs and in 1938-39 it has provided glasses in excess of that number.

P.E.R. W. J. Duval, a Trustee of Hutchinson Lodge, introduced the idea several years ago when the State Association appointed him chairman of a committee to deliberate upon how one of its funds, not in demand at the time, could be used to best advantage. Mr. Duval had never forgotten how he had been handicapped when, 60 years before, at the age of three, he had become what is known as cross-eyed as the result of a fall. There were no eye specialists at that time, and more than 25 years went by before the defect was remedied. Many children suffer from this affliction or need proper glasses for general health and study. The good accomplished along this line by Elks throughout the State is far-reaching.

Big Names Feature Contest Staged By Atlantic City, N. J., Elks

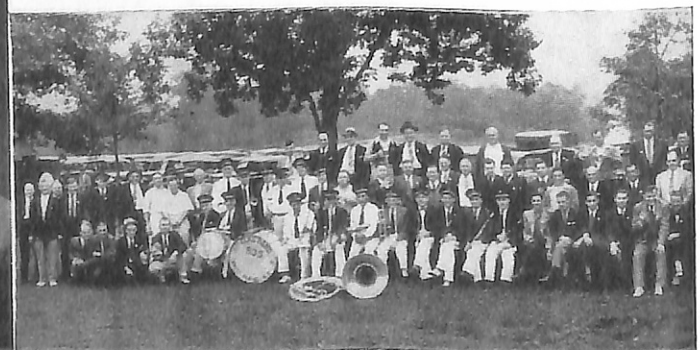
Local residents were given a real treat on the night of September 23 when Lowell Thomas and his "Nine Old Men" and Col. Theodore Roosevelt's "Oysters" of Oyster Bay clashed in a softball game at the Atlantic City Auditorium. The unusual contest, staged by the Crippled Children's Committee of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, met with the wholehearted response of the community. A net profit of \$3,510.71 was realized. The entire amount was donated to the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children at Longport, N. J. The home is sponsored by Atlantic City Lodge.

Taking part in the game were such celebrities as Eddie Egan, former amateur heavyweight champion of the world; Graham McNamee, radio and newsreel star; Colonel Stoopnagle, radio humorist; Ted Shane, nationally known humor-



Left is P.E.R. W. J. Duval of Hutchinson, Kans., Lodge who is in charge of that Lodge's campaign to correct the vision of local needy children. Shown with him are a nurse and a patient.

Below and on opposite page are those who attended the annual clambake held by White Plains, N. Y., Lodge.





Above: A group of Elks who were in charge of the annual barbeque held by Elko, Nev., Lodge. Five hundred people attended.



Left is the softball team of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge which recently won the championship of the Community Softball League.

ist; Sir Hubert Wilkins, noted explorer; Paul Webb, of Hill Billy cartoon fame; Prosper Buranelli, cross-word puzzle pioneer, Richard Fiascetti, internationally known captain of the New York police force; Mostyn Thomas, opera star, and radio stars Les Cramer, Jolly Bill and Tex O'Rourke; Clay Morgan, Vice-Pres. of the National Broadcasting Company, and Lowell Thomas, ace radio commentator. Local color was added by Joseph Altman, Prosecutor of the Pleas of Atlantic County, William F. Casey, City Commissioner Frank Farley and Vincent Haneman, Assemblymen from Atlantic County; Congressmen Walter Jeffries, Si Lippman, Chief Inspector of the Alcoholic Beverage Control Depart-

ment of New Jersey, and Carroll Brown, former star pitcher of the Athletics, all of whom are members of Atlantic City Lodge.

Lyons, N. Y., Lodge Presents an Inhalator to Local Fire Department

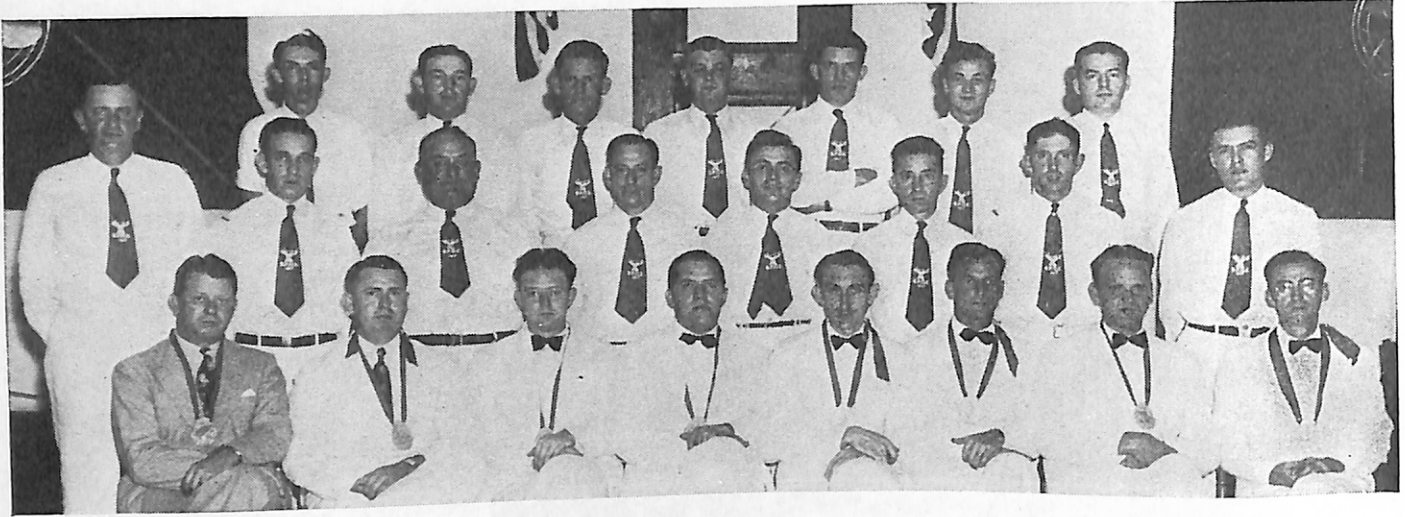
The local fire department was presented with an inhalator by Lyons, N. Y., Lodge, No. 869, at a recent regular meeting of the lodge. Official presentation was made by P.E.R. Edward C. Brooks, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, and acceptance by Fire Chief George Gucker.

The inhalator was purchased by the lodge at an approximate cost of \$250. Among those in attendance at the meeting were 15 members of the Lyons Fire Department who took a first aid course given by Mr. Brooks.

A Member's Heroic Deed Brings Award to Wilmington, Del., Lodge

For several years the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Association, through its Board of Trustees, has awarded a prize to the member lodge deemed to have performed an outstanding service or act reflecting credit upon the lodge itself. Wilmington Lodge No. 307 was this year's winner. The award was based on an act of bravery performed by a member, Edward A. Munch, while cruising with a party of friends between Rock Hall and Annapolis, Md. After a swim, the Rev. Charles Conway, who had remained in the water while the others were dressing, disappeared beneath the surface. Mr. Munch went to the rescue, diving repeatedly until he discovered Father Conway's body. With superhuman strength he raised the dead weight and swam with it a hundred yards to the boat. Then for an hour he kept life in the body by using artificial respiration continuously. But another difficulty was encountered. In the journey toward land, the dory attached to the boat got tied in some way in the propeller and was destroyed. Mr. Munch released





Above: The officers and Degree Team of East Point, Ga., Lodge who were present at the initiation of a class of 25 candidates in honor of Past Grand Trustee John S. McClelland.

the wreckage while under water. The rescue was not a case of an ordinary drowning, but one which called for deep diving, strong endurance and a fervent desire to aid a fellowman. A short time afterward, Wilmington Lodge paid tribute to Mr. Munch during a meeting by presenting him with a gold cup bearing an inscription commending him for his valor.

Hagerstown, Salisbury and Annapolis Lodges also won recognition for fraternal and humanitarian activity.

Inglewood, Calif., Lodge Observes 15th Anniversary in New Home

The 15th Anniversary Celebration of Inglewood, Calif., Lodge, No. 1492, was the first held in the new \$50,000 lodge home. Erection of the building was made possible by a charter member, Barney Delmar, when he loaned the lodge sufficient money at so low a rate of interest that the structure was paid for when it was completed. Mr. Delmar, now of Boulder City, Nev., served as Treasurer of Inglewood Lodge for a long period. The home is a beautiful one-story building with plenty of room space. Plans included many innovations found, as a rule, in only the most costly structures.

The anniversary observance marked the dedication of new "Tablets of Memory" and the formal presentation, to Needles, Calif., Lodge, No. 1608, of the tablets which had served Inglewood Lodge for 15 years. Names were removed from the old tablets which were presented to Needles Lodge in beautiful condition. The new tablets were the gift of a member of Inglewood Lodge, Jerrold A. Stern. An illuminated niche, built into the front wall of the new lodge room, contains an engraved book with a rich purple background, and on its pages are inscribed the names of departed members. The page containing the last

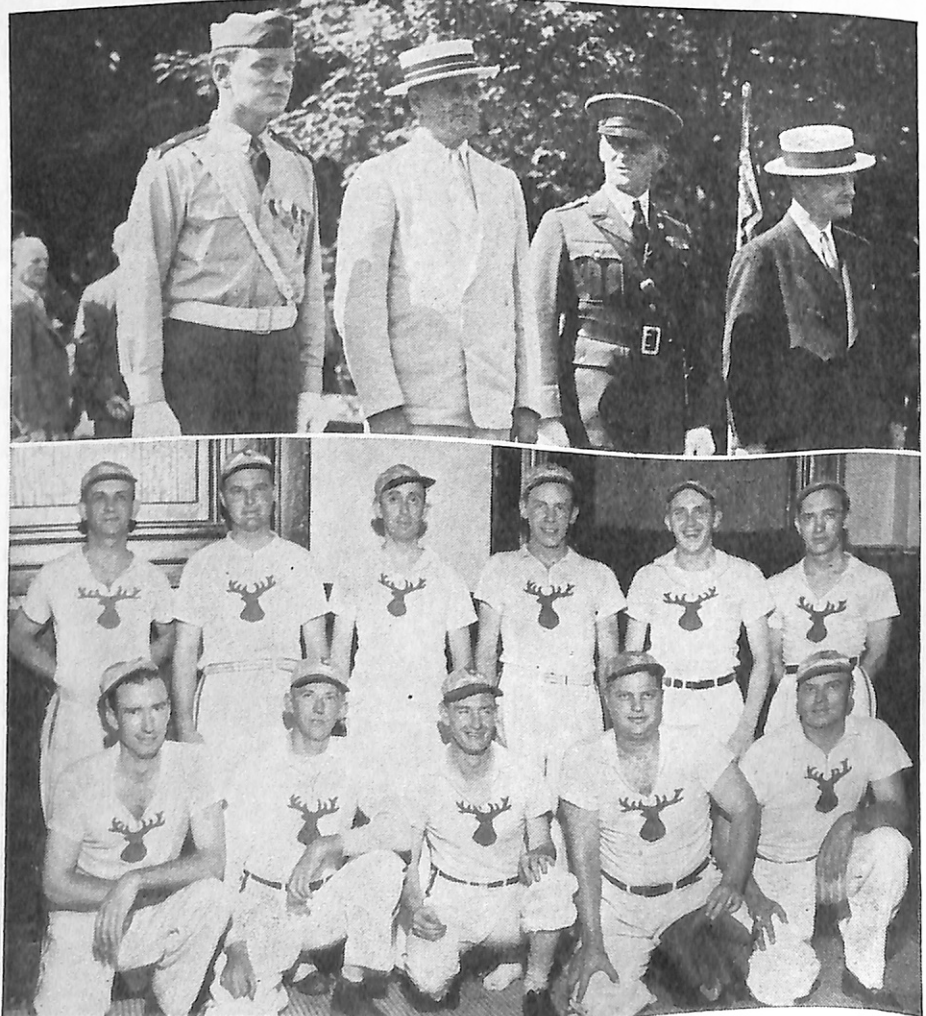
name added is the only one visible. A light shining directly down on the open book is always on when lodge is in session.

Several hundred Elks were present at the anniversary meeting, including visitors from other lodges of the South Central District. Fifteen members of Needles Lodge traveled more than two hundred

miles to attend the meeting and to express their lodge's appreciation of the generous gift. Fourteen of the fifteen Past Exalted Rulers of Inglewood Lodge were present.

(Continued on page 48)

Below are Student Lt. Col. L. Ketvirtis; Governor Lewis O. Barrows; Brigadier General James W. Hanson, and E.R. Edward R. Twomey of Portland, Maine, Lodge, who were present at Elks' Day at the annual encampment of the Citizens Military Training Corps.



Right is the softball team of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, which finished recently in the first division.



Elks National Foundation Scholarship Prizes for 1940

THE "Most Valuable Student" prize awards sponsored by the Elks National Foundation Trustees will feature the Grand Lodge Convention of 1940. The announcement of this nation-wide contest for premier scholastic honors is of vital interest to the students of the country who are leaders in their respective schools and colleges. The Elks National Foundation Trustees offer \$1,500 in prizes as follows:

| | |
|-------------------|-------|
| First Prize..... | \$600 |
| Second Prize..... | 400 |
| Third Prize..... | 300 |
| Fourth Prize..... | 200 |

ELIGIBILITY

Any student in the senior or graduating class of a high or preparatory school, or in any undergraduate class of a recognized college, who is a resident within the jurisdiction of the Order, is eligible to enter this contest.

MERIT STANDARDS

Character, scholarship, citizenship, exceptional courage, patriotism or service, and any notable action or distinguishing accomplishment are the criteria by which the applicants will be judged.

APPLICATIONS

The Foundation Trustees do not

furnish application blanks nor do they insist upon any special form of application or presentation. They prefer that each applicant should use his own ingenuity in presenting his case. It is suggested, however, that each applicant should present, or have presented in his behalf, a printed or typewritten brief or prospectus which sets forth all the data, with supporting exhibits, including a recent picture of the applicant and a letter of endorsement signed by the Exalted Ruler and Secretary of the subordinate lodge in the jurisdiction of which the applicant is resident.

The scholarship record of the applicant should be shown by certificates from the high or preparatory schools and/or college which he has attended.

FILING DATE

The application must be filed on or before *April 1, 1940*, with Chairman John F. Malley, 15 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts, to whom all communications should be sent.

—o—

Additional rules and regulations which the Foundation Trustees may consider necessary or desirable will be published in *The Elks Magazine*.

The Foundation Trustees reserve the right to decline to make any awards in pursuance of the foregoing offers if the representations made to them do not show

sufficient merit to warrant them.

The Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the subordinate lodges are urged to give wide publicity to this announcement by reading it to the members at the next meeting of the lodge and by inserting the substance thereof in the lodge bulletin and in the local newspapers. The District Deputies and State Association officers are requested to cooperate in giving publicity to these scholarship prize offers.

There are a great number of students of high character, of exceptional scholastic ability and of great ambition who are deserving of assistance to enable them to complete their college courses. The school authorities in the respective communities will be very glad to assist in disseminating among students of this type the information in regard to the Elks National Foundation Scholarship Prizes, if this matter is brought to their attention.

The fullest cooperation by the officers and members of our Order is invited.

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

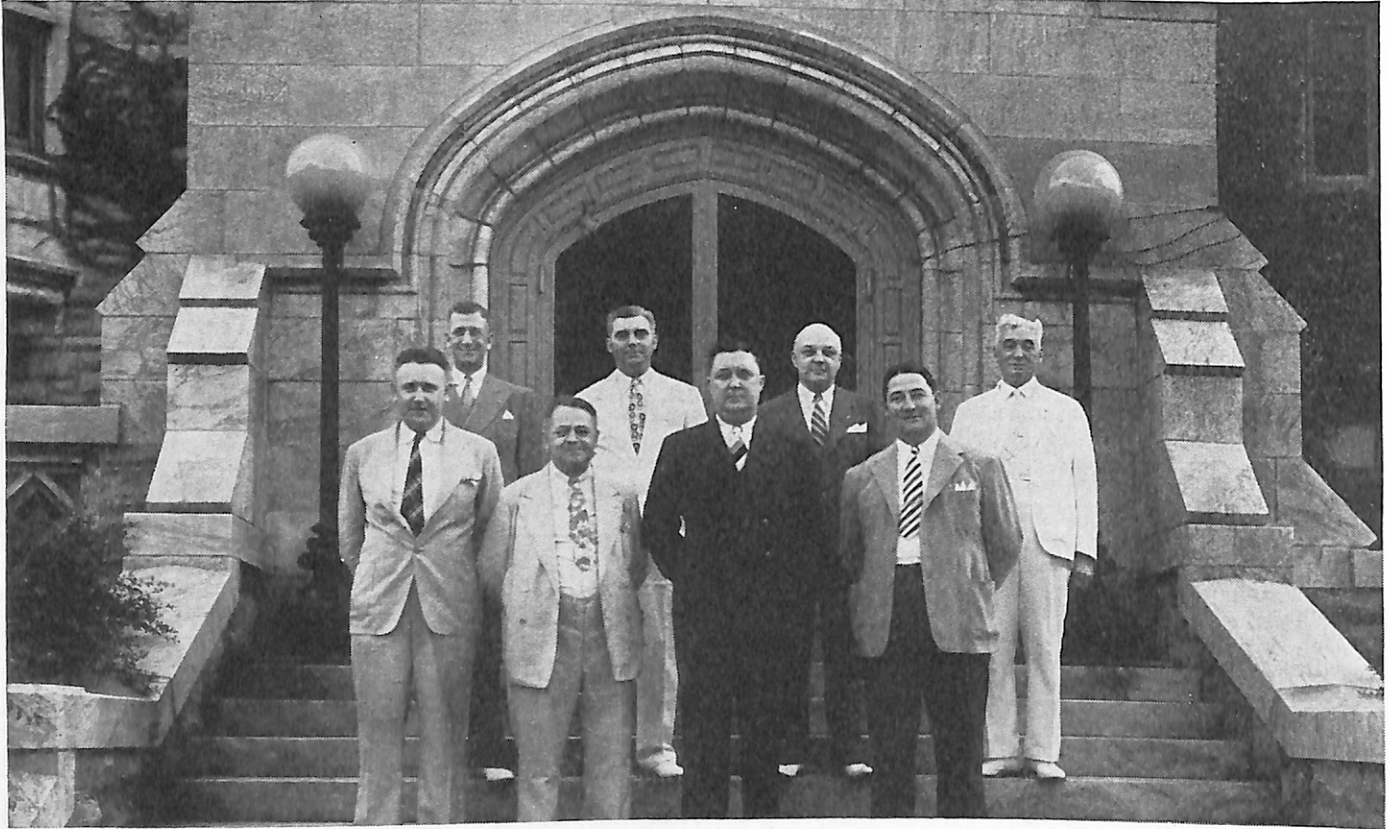
John F. Malley, Chairman
Raymond Benjamin,
Vice Chairman

Floyd E. Thompson, Secretary
James G. McFarland, Treasurer
Edward Rightor
Charles H. Grakelow
Murray Hulbert



Above: The handsome new home of Inglewood, Calif., Lodge.

NEWS of the State Associations



OHIO

The Annual Convention of the Ohio State Elks Association was held at Cedar Point on Lake Erie, Sandusky, O., the week beginning Sunday, August 27. Special entertainment features were provided for Sunday and Monday. The Convention was opened officially on Tuesday.

The opening exercises were dedicated to the Hon. William H. Reinhardt, of Sandusky, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, honoring him as the oldest living Past State President. An address of welcome, made by Mayor Weingates, a member of Sandusky Lodge No. 285, was responded to by State Pres. Charles L. Haslop, Newark. The principal speaker was Col. Oliver H. Dockery, U. S. Army, Retired, a member of Newark Lodge. Immediately after the opening ceremonies, the annual Memorial Services were held. Past Pres. Charles W. Casselman of Alliance, delivered the Eulogy. D.D. Harold P. Rosenberg, of Alliance, paid a special tribute to Past Pres. R. T. Sharer who passed away only a few weeks before. Father William Armitage of Sandusky Lodge, delivered the Memorial Address.

Above are the officers of the Ohio State Elks Assn., shown pictured on the steps of the palatial new home of Alliance, Ohio, Lodge.

The Past Exalted Rulers Association held a breakfast Wednesday morning, at which time officers were elected as follows: Pres., Ray Mitchell, Newark; Secy., James M. Lynch, Ashtabula; 1st Vice-Pres., Roy E. Bowersock, who has been seven times Exalted Ruler of Lima Lodge; 2nd Vice-Pres., Joseph E. Hurst, New Philadelphia; 3rd Vice-Pres., Dr. L. H. Whisler, Willard. The attendance was over 200. The Secretary reported that 715 Ohio Past Exalted Rulers were members of the Association.

Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, accompanied by Grand Inner Guard Frank A. Small of St. Joseph, Mich., arrived early Wednesday morning and was received by a delegation appointed by Pres. Haslop. He attended the Past Exalted Rulers breakfast, spoke at the business session of the State Association, and made the principal speech at the banquet Wednesday evening. Mr. Warner also attended the Thursday business session, delivering a wonderful address in which he voiced an

appeal to keep Elkdom on the move and keep it growing. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick of Toledo, O., Lodge, arrived at noon Wednesday and also attended the banquet. He addressed the convention Thursday afternoon and was given a tremendous ovation. More than 400 Elks and their ladies attended the banquet. D.D. James Armitage of Elyria, Master of Ceremonies, provided a splendid floor show and distinguished visitors and State officers were introduced. On Thursday morning the convention parade, the largest in several years, was held in Sandusky, moving through the streets of the city and then to the boat. The entire parade was transported to Cedar Point where it resumed its march, winding up at the Breakers Hotel. Nate McCoy, Jr., manager of the Columbus Elks Band, which won national honors at the Atlantic City and St. Louis Conventions, was Chairman of the Parade Committee. Prizes were awarded New Philadelphia, Piqua, the Tiffin Columbian Girls Drum Corps, Willard High School Band, Sandusky High School Band and Lakewood Lodge for the largest and most attractive representation in line.

At the Thursday business session, additional committee reports were received and new business was transacted. Special emphasis was placed on the work of the Social and Community Welfare Committee. The Visitation Program was again included in the year's program and a completely new schedule of inter-lodge visitations arranged. The Ohio Scholarship Foundation Fund Committee gave an excellent report. State officers were elected as follows: Pres., C. A. Lais, Norwalk; 1st Vice-Pres., E. B. LeSueur, Toledo; 2nd Vice-Pres., Joseph W. Fitzgerald, Canton; 3rd Vice-Pres., Leslie G. Scrimger, Columbus; Trustee for three years, Robert W. Dunkle, Chillicothe. At the annual organization meeting of the Board of Trustees, Charles J. Schmidt of Tiffin was elected Chairman. The 1940 Convention will be held at Cedar Point.

PENNSYLVANIA

The 33rd Annual Convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association was held in Bethlehem, opening Monday evening, Aug. 21, with a public meeting at which Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner and State Pres. Edward D. Smith were the speakers. A big street parade on Thursday afternoon, with 2,500 uniformed Elks, their bands and drum corps, was the concluding event.

The Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Secretary, J. Edgar Masters, P.E.R. of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, were two-day visitors at the Convention, and each addressed the first business session on Tuesday morning. The feature of the Tuesday program was the presentation of the Student Aid Committee report. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow of Philadelphia presented cash awards to 15 of the 22 young men who, this year, are being helped through school or college by the Elks of Pennsylvania with the assistance of the Elks National Foundation Trustees. Wednesday's session was featured by the Annual Memorial Service of the Association, in charge of Past State Pres. Howard R. Davis of Williamsport, former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee. D.D. Max Slepkin of Philadelphia delivered the Memorial Address, and the male chorus of Williamsport Lodge furnished the music.

The Association's new officers, installed as the final order of business on Thursday morning, are: Pres., James G. Bohlender, Franklin; Vice-Pres., Wade K. Newell, Uniontown; Secy., William S. Gould, Scranton, re-elected for the 21st time; Treas., Charles S. Brown, Allegheny. Anthony J. Gerard, Knoxville, was

chosen to serve for the five-year term on the Board of Directors. Past State Pres. F. J. Schrader, of Allegheny Lodge, conducted the installation ceremonies.

Social features of the Convention included a formal ball on Tuesday evening, dancing and cabaret shows every evening at the home of Bethlehem Lodge No. 191, and a monster picnic on Wednesday afternoon.

CALIFORNIA

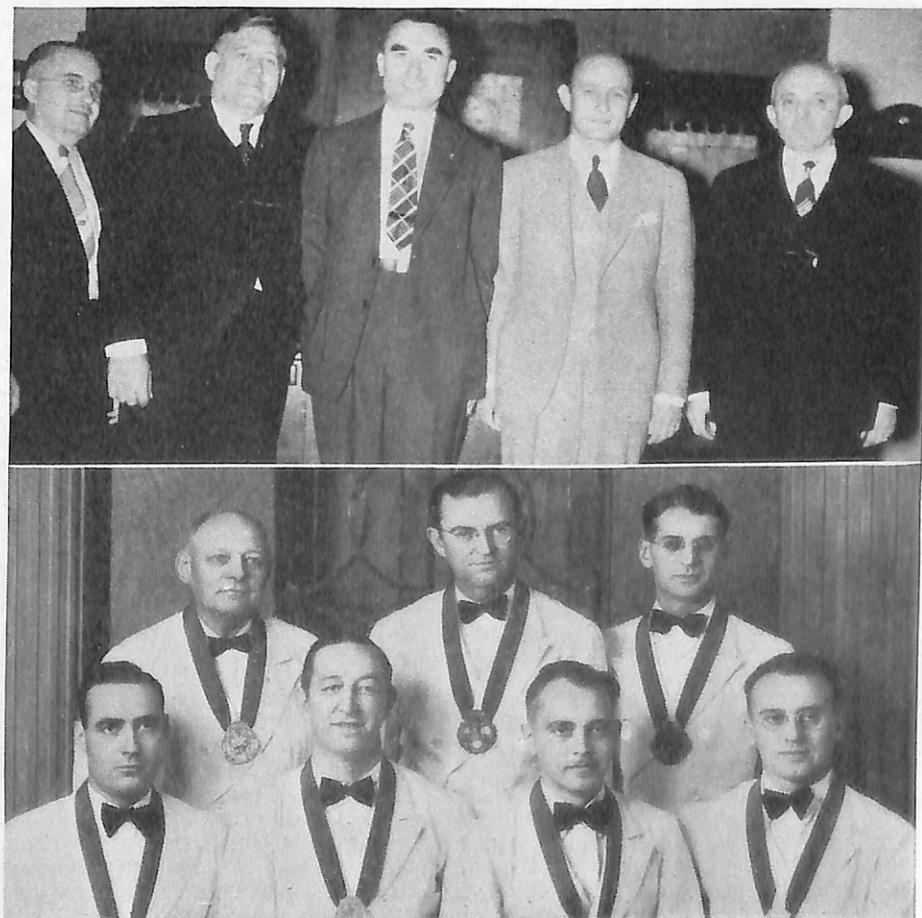
The 25th Annual Reunion of the California State Elks Association, at Santa Monica, September 14-15-16, was the largest ever held by the Association. Over 4,500 Elks and ladies were registered. Grand Lodge officers and Committeemen in attendance included Past Grand Exalted Rulers William M. Abbott, San Francisco, and Michael F. Shannon, Los Angeles; Fred B. Mellmann, Oakland, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees; Marshall F. McComb, Los Angeles, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; L. A. Lewis, Anaheim, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and Homer F. Potter, San Francisco, a member of the Antlers Council of the Grand Lodge.

Highlights of the business sessions held each morning are summarized briefly as follows: Thursday—Opening ceremonies presided over by Pres. C. P. Hebenstreit of Huntington Park, addresses of welcome by E.R. Harold D. Coles of Santa Mon-

ica Lodge No. 906, and E. S. Gillette, Mayor of Santa Monica, and introductions of visiting Grand Lodge officers and committeemen, and the various State officers. For the first time in many years, State Secretary Richard C. Benbough was not present. He was ill at his home in San Diego. Pres. Hebenstreit appointed P.D.D. George D. Hastings, of Glendale, Acting Secretary for the duration of the Convention. Friday—The Grand Lodge Committee report prepared by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Abbott was presented and received with enthusiasm. Reports of the various standing committees were received, and the resolution introduced by Thomas Wood of Santa Monica Lodge, reaffirming the Order's militant stand against all "isms" except Americanism, was passed unanimously to the accompaniment of thunderous applause. Saturday—The annual election of officers, the acceptance speech of Pres. Elmer B. Maze of Merced, and the announcement of the Board of Trustees that the invitation of Santa Cruz Lodge No. 824 had been accepted for the 1940 meeting. The invitation received from Long Beach Lodge No. 888 for 1941 was referred to the incoming Board for report in 1940.

The new officers elected are: Pres., Elmer B. Maze, Merced; Vice-
(Continued on page 52)

Below are the new officers of the
New Jersey State Elks Assn.



Right is the Ritualistic Team of Two Rivers, Wis., Lodge which won first place in the Ritualistic Contest at the State Elks Convention held at Wausau.



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner and Governor Leon C. Phillips of Oklahoma taking a "bow" at the Woodward, Okla., Elks Rodeo.

GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

AS reported elsewhere in these columns, Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner was a guest at Woodward, Okla., Lodge's 11th Annual Rodeo. Saturday, September 9, was Grand Exalted Ruler's Day. The guest list for the banquet, given in Mr. Warner's honor at 7 p. m., included names of the most prominent Elks in many States and was attended by a record number of past and present officers of the Oklahoma State Elks Association. Mr. Warner was the principal speaker and Grand Esquire George M. McLean of El Reno, Okla., Lodge was Toastmaster. E.R. Evan W. Reed of Woodward Lodge, the Governor of Oklahoma, the Hon. Leon C. Phillips of Bristow Lodge, and Mayor C. A. Blaylock, Woodward, made addresses of welcome. The

Invocation was given by John Chene-weth, Chaplain of Woodward Lodge. There was a gathering of about 500 Indians at the Rodeo and they made the Grand Exalted Ruler a member of the Cheyenne Tribe, conferring upon him the title of "Chief Big Elk". Mr. Warner, Gov. Phillips and Mr. McLean, riding bronchos, led the spectacular Frontier Parade.

The Grand Exalted Ruler also held a meeting of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries in which the two District Deputies of Oklahoma, C. C. Armstrong of Bartlesville, and Dr. C. R. Donley of Woodward, also participated. Sixteen of the 19 lodges of Oklahoma were represented. William L. Fogg of El Reno, Pres. of the Okla. State Elks Assn., set forth the State program and assured Mr. Warner of Oklahoma's co-

operation during the year.

El Reno Lodge No. 743 was host to the Grand Exalted Ruler on Sunday afternoon, September 10. The lodge held open house for him and about 150 members called. Mr. Warner was the personal guest of Grand Esquire McLean during his stay in Oklahoma. He left El Reno on the Rocket for Kansas City, en route to his home in Dixon, Ill.

The Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Secretary, J. Edgar Masters were the principal speakers at a banquet held in conjunction with the Silver Jubilee Celebration of Evans-ton, Ill., Lodge, No. 1316, which was followed by an anniversary program beginning at eight o'clock. The lodge home had been thrown open to the public as part of the anniversary observance and the evening festivities were also open to non-members. P.E.R. George E. Davis was General Chairman of the Jubilee Committee.

At LaSalle-Peru, Ill., Lodge, No. 584, over 200 local and out-of-town Elks attended the banquet given in Mr. Warner's honor at which he spoke at some length on the activi-

ties of the Order and the furtherance of American democracy. The Grand Exalted Ruler also took occasion to compliment the lodge's Ritualistic Drill Team, winner of the State championship. The Toastmaster, V. J. Dimond, introduced delegates from various lodges, including a number of prominent Elks. Among those called upon for remarks were E. R. George Shields, LaSalle-Peru; Judge Frank B. Leonard of Champaign, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge; P.E.R. John P. Devine, of Dixon, a former member of the State Legislature, and P.E.R. V. L. Nickell of Champaign Lodge. The Invocation was given by the Rev. Mark Rogan of St. Bede College. During the dinner entertainment was provided and open house was held later in the club rooms. The banquet was preceded by a reception in Mr. Warner's honor at the Hotel Kaskaskia.

Lincoln, Ill., Lodge, No. 914, held its 35th Anniversary Dinner on Sep-

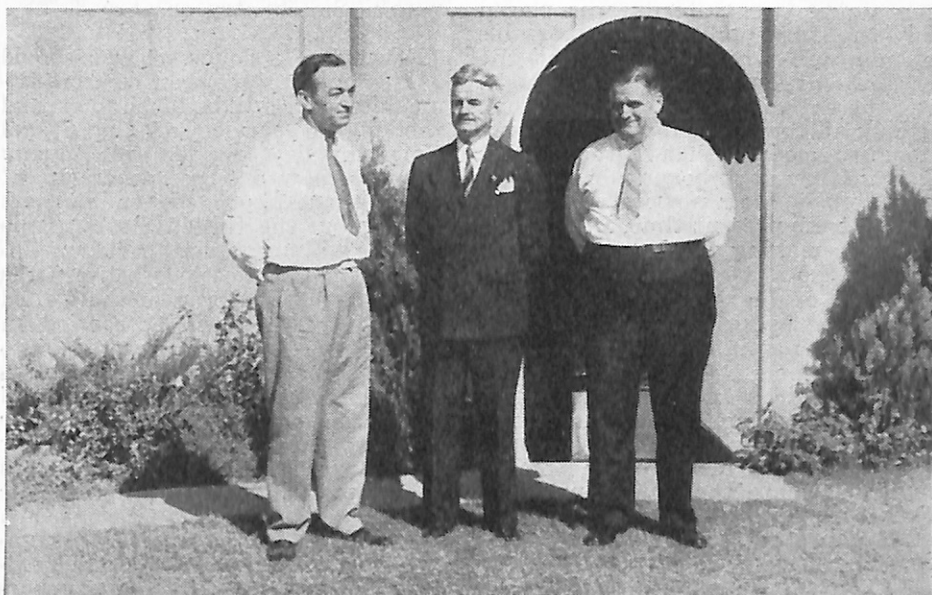
tember 22 at the First Methodist Church. Mr. Warner delivered a fine patriotic address before 175 persons including representatives of 14 lodges. Among the prominent Elks who were seated at the speakers' table with the Grand Exalted Ruler and introduced by the Toastmaster, P.E.R. Edwin C. Mills, were Judge Leonard; Joseph M. Cooke of Harvey, Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn.; Past Pres.'s Dr. J. F. Mohan, Pontiac, Albert W. Jeffreys, Herrin, D.D., Dr. Bryan Caffery, Jerseyville, and Special District Deputy William M. Frasor of Blue Island, Ill., Lodge. Also introduced were D.D.'s J. Francis Walsh, Jersey-

ville, L. C. Martin, Urbana, and H. B. Walter, Decatur; State Secy. Albert Arnold, Lincoln; State Vice-Pres. Wilbur Layman, Lincoln; Percy Garrison, Herrin, Chairman of the State Inter-Lodge Relations Committee; Bede Armstrong, Waukegan, former Chairman of the Elks National Bridge Tournament, and Warren H. Badger of Dixon Lodge, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Fifteen of the charter members were guests of honor, and on their table was placed the lodge's giant birthday cake. Sam Keys represented the younger Elks in a toast to the charter members, responded to by Harold F. Trapp, Sr.

Right is a photograph of Grand Esquire George M. McLean, Mr. Warner and Exalted Ruler R. M. Malonee of El Reno, Okla., Lodge.

Below: Photographed at the Wisconsin State Elks Assn. Convention are Charles E. Broughton of Sheboygan; Noke M. Lillicrap, Exalted Ruler of Wausau Lodge; Thomas F. McDonald, retiring State President, Grand Exalted Ruler Warner, and D. C. Everest, Master of Ceremonies.



The Doves of War

(Continued from page 13)

Starlings as well as pigeons have been the "guinea pigs" of science. Dr. Erwin Stresemann, Curator of Birds of the Berlin Museum, has spent years knocking on the doors of knowledge on this subject without even catching a glimpse through the transom.

Dr. Stresemann's most unique experiment was staged when he took 40 birds by train from their breeding homes in Berlin to Osnabruck, a small town 93 miles from the German capital. All of the birds were in covered boxes and one of these boxes, containing twenty birds, was placed on the turn-table of a portable phonograph which revolved at the rate of 60 turns per minute throughout the entire journey. Despite this, nearly all the birds found their way home so speedily that it was evident that neither dark boxes nor rotating cages upset their powers of navigation. At the present time, Dr. Stresemann is making further experiment to test the sense of magnetic wave direction of migratory birds. To this end, he is using tiny magnetic helmets which weigh only three grams. These helmets are placed over the heads and ears of the birds. Up to now he has not published the results of his experiment.

But there is more to the homing mystery than the question: How does a "homer" get home?

The mystery within the mystery is: Why does a "homer" go home?

In attempting to answer this, Major Ellis said, "From what we have learned, three factors enter into the case: first—food; second—shelter, and last, but not least, the strong yearning of the pigeon for its mate. In other words, there seems to be an association of ideas which give rise to an irresistible homing impulse. Our Night Fliers are male as well as female, and the girls are just as good at it as the boys. As a matter of fact, the best Night Flier in the Army is The Crow, a little black hen, who in nine years of night flying has a record of 100 percent reliability up to distance of over 30 miles.

The status of pigeons as message carriers in today's labyrinths of espionage, was established re-

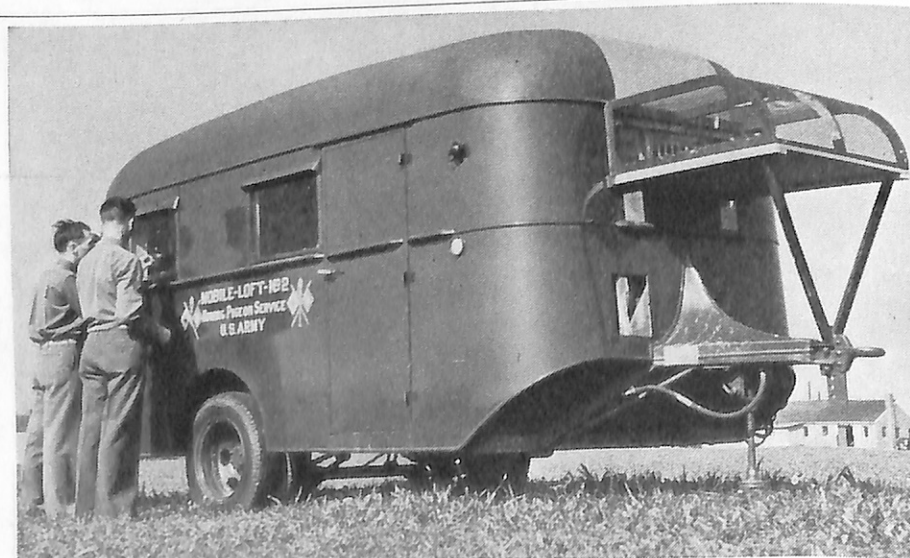
cently when Hitler, at the behest of the High Command of the German Army, issued an edict which makes it impossible for anyone except "politically reliable" persons to obtain licenses to own homing pigeons in the Reich. Every German "homer" now carries a special type of ring with the number of its owner as well as a brief biography of the bird itself. The object of this law, which is strictly enforced, is to make it impossible for those who are hostile toward Hitlerism to communicate by means of Homing Pigeons either within the country or abroad.

If the black clouds of war should rise on the American horizon, immediate steps will be taken to expand the pigeon service of the Signal Corps by drafting trained Homing Pigeons now in the ownership of more than 15,000 pigeon fanciers throughout the United States. This reserve will play a vital part in maintaining communications between the far-flung battle forces of the United States. Pigeons will be carried on small patrol boats pressed into service to scout the seas for minefields and submarines. Pigeons will be carried on observation and other military planes to maintain contact if the military radio network is "jammed out" by disrupting electric beams sent out by the enemy. Pigeons will be carried by doughboys in the trenches, by field artillery and armored tanks as an insurance to maintain the flow of vital information if other sources of communication break down. And, last but not least, the Army pigeon will be the trump card of the secret agent in the swift dissemination of accurate and important data concerning activities behind the enemy's lines.

So far as the Intelligence Service is concerned, the night flier is a made-to-order companion for secret agents, who do not have radio or telephone or telegraph at their disposal. In the event an enemy should invade the United States and obtain foothold on either shore, the communications system of the far-flung espionage organization that would be established by the American forces would depend to a large extent on Homing Pigeons. Most of those pigeons would probably fly at night. They would be brought across enemy lines in various ways. Individuals would try to take them through the lines under the cover of night. But with a strongly guarded front this would be next to impossible. Tiny free balloons of the type used by weather-forecasters might be employed. Released in favorable winds, the "homers" would drift high above the battle front and land after a predetermined time by means of a clock mechanism which would release a parachute so that the basket in which the pigeons are carried would float to earth. The flaw with this system, which was tried during the World War, is that the success of the enterprise depends upon the pigeons falling into friendly hands.

The third but safest procedure is to ferry "espionage pigeons" across the lines at night in planes flying at high altitudes. The pigeons are placed in baskets attached to parachutes. When the pilot reaches a given point, he watches for some sort of a signal from the ground and releases the bird baskets. Another method is to carry either civilian secret agents or military intelligence officers into the territory held by the enemy and send them parachuting down to earth with bird baskets strapped to their backs.

This system was used very successfully on the Western Front during the World War. The British in Flanders obtained a vast volume of highly important information by flying Belgian civilians into German-held territory with Homing Pigeons in baskets strapped to their backs. When far behind the lines, the Belgian would bail out and the pilot would return.



Bob Leavitt

A trailer, the luxurious mobile loft by which today's birds of war get to operating bases.

The only trouble was that now and then a would-be spy, who had no fear of German guns or bayonets, balked at the idea of jumping into space. To overcome this handicap, the British built a plane with a special seat that tipped over when the pilot pulled a lever. The passenger dropped through a hole in the floor of the fuselage and was on his way before he knew it.

The daytime "homer" is a gallant navigator of proven worth over a string of centuries that reach back to biblical times when Noah released the Dove from the Ark. Since those early times, "homers" have been used to carry messages in times of war. Their record goes as far back as the days of Julius Caesar, and homing pigeons were employed by the Saracens in the time of the Crusaders to carry news about the Quest of the Holy Grail. During the World War, the homing pigeon proved its superiority over mechanical forms of communication under devastating fire. But the World War "homer" was a daytime flier. Now with the development of the night-flying "homer", the Pigeon Service of the Signal Corps stands ready to provide a truly remarkable emergency messenger on land and in the air, a messenger service that functions at night as well as in the daytime, thanks to the development of the nocturnal "homer" which flies its course no matter how fierce the battle or dark the night.

What America is Reading

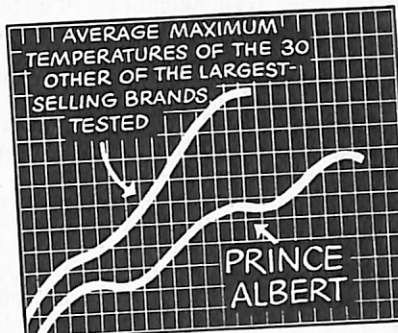
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It is typical of British reticence and self-effacement at that, and in the stories of boyhood, when parents were called Papa and Mama, and school-days, when they were called Father and Mother, and of the first attempts to make a living by writing in London, we get intimate glimpses of the way a modest author lives and works, making good without much fuss because people on both sides of the Atlantic enjoyed what he had to say. (Dutton, \$3)

J. B. PRIESTLY has been lecturing in the United States and you may have heard him. He is the slightly rotund British author who talks about time-space and philosophizes about American and British ways. In "Midnight on the Desert" he told about his life in the American southwest; now he adds another book, "Rain Upon Godshill", and discusses lecturing, playwriting, authorship and the ways of Tulsa, Okla., New Orleans, Kansas City and New York—which has the worst dramatic critics in the country. They didn't like Mr. Priestley's plays about time. He also includes accounts of his travels abroad and these are often excellent.

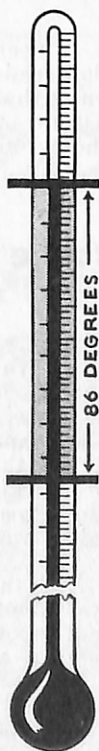
Godshill is the manor house he

Chart showing how much cooler Prince Albert burned compared to the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands recently tested for cooler smoking



I'M GETTING
REAL SMOKING COMFORT
AT LAST—
COOLER, Milder SMOKES,
YET
RICHER-TASTING!

In Recent Laboratory "Smoking Bowl" Tests,
Prince Albert Burned



86 DEGREES COOLER

than the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands tested—coolest of all!

SCIENTISTS at a nationally known independent laboratory tested to find the COOLEST-SMOKING TOBACCO, and the results are no surprise to millions of smokers. Automatic smoking and heat-registering machines found that Prince Albert smokes coolest—as above. Say good-bye to parching, "bitey" smokes. P.A.'s cooler, milder smoking lets rich, full body come through EXTRA EASY ON THE TONGUE. Prince Albert's choice, "no-bite" tobacco is "crimp cut." Try P.A.! ("Makin's" fans, that's a "pointer" to you too!)

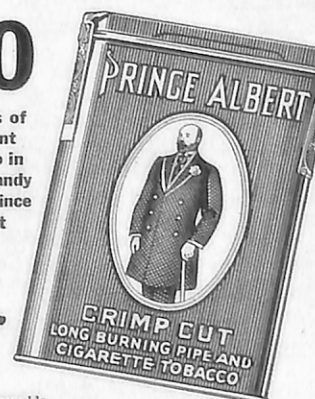
OL' JUDGE ROBBINS SAYS:



LET
COOL-SMOKING
P.A. PUT
NEW JOY
IN YOUR
PIPE!

50

pipefuls of
fragrant
tobacco in
every handy
tin of Prince
Albert



Prince Albert

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N.C.

occupies on the Isle of Wight; he has built a study on the roof, a fine room for a writer, "modern, without looking like an idiotic cocktail bar . . . five big windows in a row and at each end an equally curved one, so that the general effect is the bridge of a ship". A place to see plenty of rain and mist, no doubt. Mr. Priestley's writings always have to do with writing, as well as living, and here he sets down his belief in intelligent persistence: "Mere persistence is useful but not enough. You have not only to keep at it but always consciously to try to do better, after discovering where you went wrong the last time." I can't follow him in his views about time and space, a sort of scientific mysticism, but his travel notes are always entertaining. (Harpers, \$3)

NEW NOVELS

Small-town newspaper owners are not noted for scholarship and culture, although they may make enough money to endow symphony orchestras and universities. The hero of John Selby's novel, "Sam", is Sam Larson, who owned the *Centropolis Sun*, somewhere in Indiana, and who owned most of the town before he cashed in. He was crude, often profane and noisy; he had a warm heart for people he liked and he wanted to do big things for his son, who was named Theodore Roosevelt Larson. Sam and his wife, Martha, are visiting New York to see the parade for Admiral George Dewey in 1899 when the story opens, and Sam's career keeps pace with the political events of the next twenty years. Sam enjoyed power and he wanted to "build a dynasty". Martha enjoyed culture, and money didn't mean a great deal

to her. But when Sam generously supported her in helping Kurt von Tauber's musical ambitions, she saw the complexities of human character. This is a forthright book, not especially subtle in portraying character, but much like a newspaperman's report, which it is, for the author is himself in the harness. I have the idea that a great many readers will recognize types in this book. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50)

LEAVE it to Richard Aldington to portray the young Englishman of today. He does it again in "Rejected Guest", the story of David Norris, a young man who doesn't exactly make the grade. David Norris is an illegitimate son of a war bride; his father dies at the front before marrying his mother. Later as David grows up, he comes in contact with his rich grandfather, Sir Thomas Danby, who provides David with an allowance and an elderly companion, Martingale. The latter is a cynical Englishman who gives David plenty of practical advice, but David has to experience life on his own, including an emotional adventure with a lady who loves him passionately as long as Sir Thomas Danby's allowance keeps up. Richard Aldington describes David's adventures with an ironical smile, giving just enough zest to the tale to keep it sparkling. Martingale, the middle-aged cynic, is an amusing old bird, even if he doesn't believe in dreams. (Viking Press, \$2.50)

FRANCIS HACKETT'S "Queen Anne Boleyn" is a novel that reads like a biography. The reason is that Mr. Hackett knows the history of her time thoroughly, for he wrote

"Henry the Eighth" and "Francis the First". Anne was the girl, "as flat as a plate", for whom Henry VIII divorced his wife, Catherine, broke with Cardinal Wolsey and defied the authority of the Pope; she was ambitious, wanted to shine at court and keep Thomas Wyatt, her lover, tagging along after her. But Henry tired of the game and listened to stories of her infidelities, and Anne went to the block. She had a lot of influence on history for it was her little girl, Elizabeth, who became queen. (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.75)

A sensitive, richly imagined rendering of the attitudes of men in the days of Christ will be found in "The Nazarene", by Sholem Asch. It begins with the story of Pan Viadomsky in Warsaw, a scholar with an ability to recall the past and make it live; thus we see the story of Jesus through the eyes of a lieutenant of Pontius Pilate, through a gospel written by Judas Iscariot and through the testimony of a young Jewish secretary—a long novel that holds the reader's interest to the last page. (Putnam, \$2.75)

Louis Bromfield, whose "The Rains Came" has just been released in the motion picture houses, has put into book form, under the title of "It Takes All Kinds", nine stories, three of them as long as novels, originally published in magazines: "McLeod's Folly", originally "You Get What You Give"; "The Hand of God", "New York Legend", "The Girl Who Knew Everybody", "Bitter Lotus", "Good Time Bessie", "That Which Never Returns", "Better Than Life", originally called "And It All Came True", and "Aunt Flora". The many followers of Mr. Bromfield's writings will want this book. (Harpers, \$3).

Razzle Dazzle

(Continued from page 7)

off and nobody's making me wear one of those screwball hats!"

Margie fled before the onslaught, hastened by the tears of which she was ashamed. There was love for you, as fleet and fickle as a blood-drinking mosquito, scuttling across the campus. Tony bent over in the silence that filled the cafeteria and retrieved from the floor the white enamel button she had worn on her blouse. The button said, "Beat Stone City!" These college people were never satisfied.

It was a lonely life he had to live, with only Albert to talk to in the room and Albert being as conversationally satisfying as a well-watered plant. Albert slept the deep sleep of the bruised and athletic, and when he was awake he only had voice for his aches, which covered his large carcass more completely than his clothes.

Tony did not wear a funny little hat about the campus, and sopho-

mores were not to be found who were bold enough to enforce their shattered rule; and so there was peace upon the campus, deep and dignified peace, broken only by the dissenting voice of Miss Margie Harris, daughter of the Dean, whose "Beat Stone City!" campaign was fast approaching insanity.

Tony stood on the brink of the crowd and listened. She was about to lead a cheer, the traditional bellow of Holt College that was known as the "Griggidy Growl".

She was, of course, a very pretty girl, and it was disconcerting to hear her make noises like a bulldog, particularly when the undergraduate response was restrained, to say the least. Tony found himself wishing that they would yell and growl to make her problem simpler and he, himself, emitted a noise that was louder than any of the others. Once he let the noise out he could not retrieve it, and turning heads found

him red with embarrassment, and Margie's eyes found him, too, and so he went away from there.

Albert appeared in the early evening and Albert was very doleful. He did not walk so well.

"You shouldn't be out without your crutches," Tony said. "What happened?"

Albert eased himself onto the bed and groaned, "I have been doing an impersonation."

"Of what, a wounded buffalo?"

"You're always kidding," said Albert. "You don't know how it hurts. I've been impersonating Pub Grabowski."

"Grabowski?"

"The Stone City fullback," said Albert. "All the Stone City fellers are dirty, but Grabowski, he's dirtier than anybody."

"Grabowski, huh? Where's that Grabowski from? He from Millville, by any chance?"

Albert came very awake. "Yeah,

Tony. From Millville. They are always tough when they come from Millville."

"He's a light-heavy," said Tony, "unless he got bigger the last two years. He's not so tough, Albert."

"He's not so tough! He's a killer! He's like the rest of those Stone City guys. He's a murderer."

"You guys ever beat Stone City in football?"

Albert shook his head. "Never," he said. "They cripple us every time."

"Whyn't you cripple them?"

"This is my first year," said Albert. "You know that. This is a gentleman's school, though, Tony. We don't play that way."

"I guess not, Albert, and that's why you guys are so lousy, huh? That Grabowski, though, he's a bad one. He'll hurt you guys. He stuck a thumb in my eye once."

"When was that?" Albert breathlessly demanded and Tony was sorry he'd talked so much.

"I spotted the bum fifteen pounds and he stuck his thumb in my eye, that's all. That Grabowski's no good. Somebody's gonna get hurt."

"What did you do when he stuck his thumb in your eye?" Albert wanted to know.

"I put him on ice," said Tony. "They had to carry him out of the Garden. Nobody's stickin' fingers in my eye—while I can still walk."

"Gee Winnigers!" breathed Albert.

"Gee who?"

"Winnigers."

"I knew a guy in Philly named Joe Winnigers," said Tony. "He was a bantam."

"You're a funny fellow," said Albert, and went to sleep.

Tony more or less sneaked up on Margie. She was in the college library and looking mighty fine. He said, "Hello, Margie," and his tired heart was hungry for a favor.

She turned with surprise, then readjusted her face into scowl. "Don't you say hello to me," said Margie.

"I wanted to tell you I'm sorry what I said about your old man."

"If you mean my father," said Margie, "you have already demonstrated how well you regard the Dean of Men by staging a riot. If you are so very muscular, I should think you would be out for the football team. There is nothing keeping you from it, you know. We have much brains but very little muscle, and we have no one-year rule at Holt, so freshmen are eligible."

"Football is for slobs," said Tony without thinking, and then he wished to withdraw the remark because he could see it rested uneasily upon her. She had another button on her coat that said, "Beat Stone City!" and reaching into his pocket he produced

the one he had taken from the cafeteria floor. "You dropped this one," he said.

She took it but her stare was stern; it said that he should go away. He did not wish to go away; he wished to gaze at her some more. He said, provokingly, "You can't beat Stone City."

"And why can't we?"

"They're too tough for you people. They got tough Swedes and Poles, like Fordham and Pittsburgh. Those guys can really go."

"And you can really go, too!" said Margie. "You can go away. If you had one spark of loyalty, even one iota of school spirit, you wouldn't say such a thing."

"Well, it's true, isn't it?"

"It wouldn't be true if a homicidal maniac like you could be put to practical use. But we don't expect anything from the likes of you. I don't see you stopping Pub Grabowski."

"Grabowski's a bum."

"That doesn't mean he can't play football. And he's not the only bum I know."

"Aw, Margie."

For a moment her eyes softened and he thought he was going to kiss her right there in the middle of the library, but she took her books in her arms and went swiftly away and he could only trail with his eyes the wonderful girl who might have been his. His heart was sore within him.

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MR. JOE HIGGINS, coach of the Holt varsity, said, "It's rather late to be reporting for football, Daniels."

Mr. Higgins' assistant said, "But how can this fellow play football when he was a professional fighter?"

"Who said I was?" demanded Tony. "I was an amateur middle-weight and sometimes a light-heavy. I was a champ."

"I'll bet you were at that," said Higgins, "but football is different than fighting."

"Stone City doesn't think so," said the assistant. "It's all the same to those fellows."

"That can be fixed," insisted Tony, "but I don't know why I'm doing this. There is no profit in football."

"You don't have to be so generous," said Joe Higgins, "and you will learn that being a fighter does not make you a football star."

"True enough," said Tony. "Very true, indeed. Where can I get a suit?"

A suit was obtained for Tony, and it was a satisfactory suit, with silk pants and a red jersey to which clung the white numerals, seventy-seven.

"That was Red Grange's number," said Tony.

"If it was good enough for Grange," observed the custodian of athletic material, "it should be good enough for you."

"Don't be a wise guy," said Tony and walked out onto the practice field, feeling slightly silly, because of all the eyes that followed his jaunty step.

Mr. Joe Higgins asked, "What can you do?" and was a little amazed when Tony answered, "What've you got?"

"We could use a halfback," said the coach with a pained expression. "It would be very nice of you, Mister Daniels, if you would be one of our halfbacks. You just hop in there with the second club, if you don't mind."

Tony complied and found himself abreast of Albert in the backfield of the second team. Albert, who properly belonged on the fourth team, was extremely punch-drunk at the moment and Tony said, "You have been impersonating Pug Grabowski again, haven't you?"

Albert nodded his head sadly. "It's no fun," said Albert.

THE varsity rolled in and out of a huddle, shifted to the right and went for the tackle. Tony, who naturally did not know the plays, shifted as well as he could and got himself in the way of the advancing ball carrier. The varsity man sat down, very hard, and he was slow in getting up.

Silence greeted Tony's contribution and the varsity tried the other tackle and the interference was hit in the middle by the plunging body of Tony. The play piled up for no gain.

"I thought you didn't know how

to play football," said the perplexed Mr. Higgins. "You said it was a sucker's game."

"I didn't say I never played football," Tony told the coach. "How could I say it was a sucker's game if I never played it, huh? Once I broke my right hand blocking out a couple guys and it interfered with my fighting. I said it was a sucker's game 'cause I never got any dough when I played. I had to maintain my amateur standing, which makes me twice a sucker. Bein' an amateur was to make my old man happy. He's a great gent, my old man."

The coach was very interested. "Who'd you play with?" he wanted to know.

"With the Harlem Brigadiers," said Tony. "Those Brigadiers are very tough. They are very colorful, half of them are white and half of them are dark. A great bunch of boys, the Brigadiers. Give them a bigger squad and a few extra bucks an' they'll beat the Giants."

Mr. Joe Higgins could not believe it.

Tony did not mind his football labors, although it was more fatiguing than he had planned it to be, and the obligations of the training table and training rules made it impossible for him to go courting of an evening. He did not see Margie.

THERE was a notice in the *Campus Chatter* that Holt had finally come upon a man who would take the wheels off Pug Grabowski's wagon, an unsporting statement, to be sure, and as irresponsible as the undergraduate who wrote it. Both Dean and coach assured the local press that unmannerly acts might be all right for Stone City, but they would never do for an institution such as Holt.

The Stone City game approached and the doomed gladiators of Holt were marking off the days, as men in grim cells behold the calendar until that jolly hour when they can put their necks in the noose. Tony, out of conscience, accepted his responsibility and all the skin was off his knuckles from imparting to his comrades a blocking technique of which they were thoroughly ignorant and apparently incapable of learning. That was discouraging.

But it came to Tony that the spirit of selfless service was upon him, and it was funny, he supposed, the way he became a rah-rah boy, sharing with the rest of the team that fine old axiom which Joe Higgins had dusted off the shelf, "A team that won't be beaten, can't be beaten!"

This new and rebellious spirit that was born in Holt men found expression in the few newspapers that carried notice of their activities, which prompted a letter from Tony's old man that went like this:

"Dear Son:

It is wonderful that you have taken on all that culture they have up at your college, espe-

cially football. It makes me very proud because I always wanted my son to be a college man and I shall be there Saturday. Understand that Grabowski will be there and I will not insult a son of mine by asking does he need help. Please do not hurt anybody else.

Yours truly,
Dad."

The efforts of Miss Margie Harris toward the defeat of Stone City were the efforts of Joan of Arc, except that Margie had no horse, and she didn't need one anyhow. When she emitted the "Griggidy Growl" the trees bent low along the campus, fearful of the wind that she propelled. There was a holy glow to Margie that almost arrested the yawns of the student body. And yet in her exhortations of the individual members of the team, Margie, already the cheer mistress of the campus, gave no mention to the name of Tony Daniels, and this was what hurt him most. Perhaps her attitude was reflected in the words of the Dean when he addressed the assembled football squad.

"Gentlemen," said the Dean. "Tomorrow we stand or fall. We shall lift the yoke of Stone City's superiority, but there is a limit to the price we shall pay. The methods of the enemy are not our own methods and we would rather be gentlemen in heroic defeat, than disgrace ourselves in the attainment of a hollow victory." Tony thought the Dean was looking at him and his hopes sank low as the hour of the game drew near.

NOW Holt had never been a Notre Dame upon the gridiron, and its stadium, while concrete and other good stone, could be set down very comfortably in the Dean's backyard. There were maybe five thousand faces staring from the stands, and over them gay pennants were waving the bright red of Alma Mater and into the air the Holt band blew pretty musical notes, and there was a breath of frost in the air, and it was a mighty touching scene.

Tony ran out with the varsity onto the well-kept grass. The modest cheers were warming as they went to seek their helmets. The place was not so big that Tony could not find Old Mike Daniels proudly in possession of a seat, and it was not so large that he could not see Margie with her eyes and her hopes on fire.

It was then that he looked at Stone City, and the vision required another look. Matriculation to Stone City, he was sure, must begin at the age of twenty-five, because normal men do not grow that large in a matter of eighteen or twenty years. As a halfback, he had a problem. You could not remove that much beef from in front of you unless you had the aid of an elephant gun. And then his searching eyes found Pug Grabowski, whose eyes in turn found Tony.

They walked toward each other, rival athletes, as though the strings of destiny dangled from their pants. Pug had grown in the past two seasons and would certainly never compete again in the light heavyweight class. If Pug did not go better than two hundred on the scales, neither did a battleship. But the face was the same, an unlovely face, out of which Pug said, "Hello, punk. I thought this was a high-class joint, this Holt. Why they lettin' punch-drunks in?"

Tony, recalling the words of the Dean, replied, "There is a wide gulf of culture that separates us, you hamburger head, just like I will separate you from your swollen ears if you hurt my chums. They are nice boys."

The shrill demand of the officials and coaches brought these incompatibles back to their respective folds, and then the toss of a coin was effected in midfield and Tony learned that Holt would receive.

The kick was high and right down the alley and Tony tucked it away in his arms. He started up the field and he could see Holt men bouncing off the ground like rubber balls, which was disturbing under the circumstances. A large Stone City warrior dove headlong at Tony, but was somewhat dissuaded by Tony's churning knees against his chin. The avalanche occurred at the thirty-yard mark, and Tony felt a sensation that was utterly new, because he had never been hit simultaneously before by seven galloping Stone Cities.

HE would never have retaliated had not Jimmy Digby, the best of the Holt tackles, been kicked in the stomach following the first play from scrimmage which netted exactly no yards. Thus when Tony took the ball and skirted the end, he was forceful with a stiff-arm that removed some teeth and made labor for the Stone City lads who had to carry the body away. Tony got into the spirit of the thing, and running as the number two back he blocked out Grabowski very forcibly and made it possible for a companion to gain a full dozen yards around the end.

There was loud jubilation from the Holt stands and even though Tony was covered with blood, he found time to smile in warm appreciation. It was on the next play it happened, a bitter thing, that came close to changing the course of Tony's life.

He had the ball in his left arm; he had it very solidly in the crook of that arm and he was moving around the end with the fine aggression of a fire engine. But his blockers had been spilled and he was all alone and he could see Pug Grabowski winding up his fists and he did not wish to be crowned on the features with all of Pug's added weight behind that crowning. He saw the trouble coming and his re-

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action was involuntary. He slipped his head under the blow and retorted with a left hook, which is logical. Pug went back to rest on his spine, but the error had already been committed. A football will not stay in your left arm when you have thrown a left hook, so now the football was in the possession of Stone City, and one of whose merry members was lying on it as though he would hatch it. Despair gripped Tony, but things could be worse. They got worse. The referee rushed into the event, glared hatefully at Tony and picked up the ball. He marched off the yards of penalty against Holt. He went half way to the goal posts and set the ball down on the twenty-one yard mark in reprisal for Tony's ungentlemanly act.

The Holt stands groaned, and accusing eyes, thousands of eyes, settled on Tony, who could only stand in the middle of his shame. So occupied was Tony with his unhappiness that he did not see the forward pass that Grabowski tossed right over his head to a teammate known as Throttle Tostoli. Mr. Tostoli went all the way across the goal line for the score and Grabowski added the extra point.

TONY lost much of his reason following this event, but his style was cramped because of the restrictions placed upon him by the officials. Strange that the officials did not see the rousing boot in the helmet that Pug Grabowski eventually gave to Tony, and Tony did not know it himself until he awoke on the bench.

"So you are a tough guy!" said Coach Higgins. "So you know how to handle Pug Grabowski!" screamed Coach Higgins. "So if we never saw you or the likes of you on the campus we would be better off!"

Tony had no retort. His spirit had been broken, and every time he shook his head in woe the insides would rattle like broken dishes. He looked furtively toward the glum stands where his schoolmates squatted in silence, and he looked upon the worried face of his father. Last of all, but most devastating of all, was the tear-stained face of Miss Margie Harris. It seemed that her spirit had been broken, too, and this was the greatest of his sins.

The first half wore away and Pug Grabowski strong-armed himself into another touchdown, although he failed to kick the extra point. But a little thing like one more point didn't matter, since the Stone City lads were just full of touchdowns and it was only a matter of inexorable time.

When the half came, Tony dragged disconsolately after his mates for the blessed seclusion of the dressing-room where he would be free from the scornful public gaze, although never free from himself, or from the Holt boys who had trusted in his methods and found them only a boomerang that had exploded in their eyes. And this, to be sure,

would not have been so bad, were it not for the ugly fact that Holt College had, for the first time in long history, been penalized for a tactic considered not entirely sporting.

Furthermore, many of the Holt boys could just about reach the dressing room, and knowing what Grabowski was doing in the clinches, Tony said to Joe Higgins, "Lookit, coach, you just gotta let me in there next half. You just gotta."

Scornful eyes bore into his own and Mr. Higgins said, "I shall probably lose my contract for your conduct this afternoon. You sit on the bench, Dempsey, and do not let me hear from you again."

It was strange how the spirit of a man could shrivel so small and that Tony should find himself without a crippling answer for Mr. Higgins. There came a knock on the door and an attendant said, "Someone to see Daniels. Says it is important," and Tony, going outside, away from the accusing glare of Joe Higgins, found his father awaiting him.

"Things do not look kosher out there," said old Mike Daniels. "It isn't right, sonny. That Grabowski did dirty to you."

"I don't know what's come over me, pop," said Tony sadly, "but I'm not myself. I'm disorganized. I can't get in there. They won't let me play my own style."

Tony knew, of course, that his father was concealing the misery he truly felt, and seeking only to turn the cheerful cheek, his left cheek being the more cheerful one, because then you didn't have to look at old Mike's right ear.

"I just want you to know I'm with you, son. If you can't be a college man, then be a Daniels. That's better, anyhow."

"You're damned right it's better," Tony stated with unshakable faith and nearly fainted when his old man shook his hand. My, what a handshake Mr. Daniels had this afternoon!

Swiftly Tony repaired to the dressing-room and put bandage and tape about his bleeding knuckles as is the right of any football man, although the practice is more favored with tackles than with halfbacks.

BACK to the arena went the warriors of Holt, less able to walk than the spectators who continued selfishly to sit. And there were the Stone Cities, as big as ever, or maybe bigger, and there was the referee calling the boys out for a little more murder. Tony did not go out upon the green grass of conflict. Tony merely sat in his shame upon the bench and argued to no avail with the adamant Mr. Higgins.

It was plainly to be seen that the intentions of Pug Grabowski and his assistants had not been tempered with the rest period, and soon enough, like so many pieces of lard, the Holt varsity members were flat and expiring on the gridiron. Three sets of halfbacks had perished be-

neath the Stone City assault and it was only because ten men are not enough for a ball game that Tony was sent back to war.

He tightened the strap of his helmet and his legs were swift across the green. Miss Margie Harris drew a "Griggidy Growl" from her sideline followers and like the flame of avenging angels it shot through Tony. But that was not for him, he knew. It was simply the spirit of Margie that would never die, and she was cheering the perennial pride of Holt and not the individual who had stained its venerable name.

The ball, through some accident, belonged to Holt, and Tony was in the number two slot, or the blocking position.

A fleet freshman named Garrison, appearing for the first time in varsity competition, ran behind him with the ball, and Tony administered a short left hook to the opposing end that was much too short and entirely too swift for the probing eye of the referee to follow. It was in the Stone City tradition and it robbed the end of his state of mind. Into the enemy backfield they roamed and quite a few yards were gained. There was another Stone City lad, very large, who also remained on the grass. Pug Grabowski glared an unfriendly glare at Tony who innocently regarded the descent of the afternoon sun.

On the next one Tony tucked the ball against his stomach and drilled a wide hole in the middle of the opposition, his staunch legs gaining him many yards. And if he was not mistaken, there was a cheer riding the air that carried his name.

NOW he was running fast down the field and cutting for a corner. Garrison unloaded a beautiful pass that was big and brown and easy to catch on the Stone City ten, where Grabowski and another collegian brought Tony gently to earth, with a probable fracture of the jawbone.

But the Holt boys were rolling. There was a new spirit in the air and in the clash of the lines he saw a Holt man kick a Stone City in the stomach. This was a warming incident and things progressed well from there. A lateral to Garrison brought the ball a yard from the goal and Tony went over on the succeeding play. Not only that, but he added the point, and though the minutes of the game were running fast away, where there are young legs and energy and a fine fighting spirit, there can always be such a thing as another touchdown.

Stone City received, but they pinned Grabowski on his own twenty-three, and, try as they would, the enemy could not gain against Holt's new defense. Grabowski was forced to kick and the kick went to Garrison who brought the ball up to mid-field. Garrison tried again on the following play but Grabowski pinned him to the earth, and Tony could see with but half a glance that some-

thing needed to be done about Grabowski. Garrison managed to regain his feet all right, but when he did, he couldn't walk and there was a regretted substitution.

Now Tony was angry and the ball was his and he was churning the end as well as he could. Up came Grabowski as big as a building and Tony merely stiff-armed in the most legal fashion imaginable. Maybe it was the pressure of too much play, or perhaps a lack of proper conditioning. But Grabowski lay prone upon the greensward and no amount of persuasion could bring him erect.

Tony did the rest. It was a difficult struggle that required forceful methods, but eventually the ball was brought across the line, and fatigued as he was and bruised as he was, Tony knew in his heart that it was worth the price.

He did not miss when he attempted the placement and the score was Holt, 14; Stone City, 13. This had never happened before and it took moments for the event to sink into the porous skulls of the witnessing guests. But when the last-minute bids of Stone City were repulsed, and the time keeper's pistol was loud upon the air, fair Holt acquired herself a drunken delirium that was counter to her history and reputation.

Out of the cheering and the music and the laughter, Margie had appeared, and her words to him were, "Oh, Tony, you were so manly!"

"You come to me now when I'm a hero," said Tony, indulging himself, "but when I am the college bum I am strictly a bad plate of fish."

"I had faith in you all the time," she told him, "but you said my father was a turkey." The tears of young distress ran freely down her cheeks.

A man hit Tony on the back who was a more dangerous slugger than Grabowski, and turning about in his moment of triumph, Tony beheld his old man in the flush of youth reclaimed.

"You was magnificent," said old Mike Daniels. "There is nothing like a college education."

A dignified gentleman now approached and this was the Dean of Men. Tony was pleased to see the outstretched hand of the white-haired gent who had sired so lovely a girl as Margie. "Let me shake your hand, young man," said the Dean of Men, and willingly Tony complied.

The Dean held Tony's right hand for a considerable time while his eyebrows continued to rise. Then, completely entranced, he shook the left hand until his rising eyebrows had merged with the hair of his head.

The Dean turned to old Mike Daniels and he looked like a man who was hearing sweet music. "This is doubtless your doing, Mike," said the Dean. "I might have suspected such a criminal plot. And Tony, my fine young jackass, you might slip those brass knuckles from under your bandages and drop them in my pocket. Not that I would be party to this outrage, but I would rather not have the son of an old pal buried beneath these hallowed grounds."

TONY did not believe the words he heard. "You mean to say you know my old man?" he inquired of the Dean.

"Do I know him?" exploded Margie's father. "Why, I'm the man who made him middleweight champion of the world."

"Yeah," said old Mike, "he made me champ by hitting the deck the time we fought for the title. He was a very fancy Dan, the Dean was, son, but he was a sucker for the old left hand. You must have read about the Dean. You couldn't miss. They used to call 'im Turkey Harris, the Salem Shadow. And, boy, was he a bum!"

So it was that Margie and Tony walked again by the lake and after a while at the cultured college of Holt it was one big family.

Losers Weepers

(Continued from page 19)

"Then—did he default?"

"No. He did not default."

"You don't mean to stand there and tell me that you won your match under your own steam?"

"I don't," Martin assured her, "mean to stand here and tell you anything. I mean to get along to the club as quickly as possible. I mean to take a shower. A little breeze has sprung up and I'm—forgive me—sweaty. I mustn't stiffen up before my match tomorrow."

Aurelia, for the first time in many weeks, softened. "Martin—don't be like that."

"I must be exactly like that."

Suddenly his caddy spoke out of

the happy daze in which he had been wandering since the decisive victory. There had been considerable agitation in the caddy pen that morning, all due to the clearly expressed distaste of every caddy in the A group towards caddying for Martin. Piggy Muskeela, Joe Louis among caddies, had voiced the general feeling. "The big slob's yalla. I ain't carryin' no bag for no yalla slob."

But he was. The caddy master said so and, as everyone who knows anything about golf understands, what the caddy master says, goes—or the caddy does.

Piggy had carried Martin's bag before. He knew the routine. And

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there was no joy in his heart at the turn. He knew, with Aurelia, that Martin had been seven up before. As the winning putt found the center of the cup, he pinched himself—

Now, standing just behind Martin and grinning expansively, he said, "Mr. Fortescue was forty-two for eleven holes."

"And," Aurelia demanded of Martin, "you didn't finish the round? Why, even fours from then on would have given you a seventy!"

"No," he said, "I didn't finish the round. Yes. Even fours would have given me a seventy. Now, if you will let me pass I shall take that shower I mentioned."

With a little frown marring the perfection of her nobly proportioned brow, Aurelia watched him go.

A SMALL episode occurred during the quarter finals which showed Martin how close to the breaking point he was. He had made one of his rare unintentional hooks and the ball had carried far across into the marshy rough off the eleventh fairway. Piggy plunged in after it, followed by Martin.

Martin had, up to that point, either won or halved every hole and he was thinking, "If I could conscientiously lose one hole, even one little par three hole, I'd feel better." It was like the longing of a drug addict for one tiny little shot of morphine by which he lived. Walking with bent head he glimpsed the ball, lying on the only playable spot in all that vast expanse of unplayable marsh.

He glanced towards the fatefully turned back of Piggy, and then back at the gallery, too far away to see. No one would ever know if with just a touch of his boot he buried the ball in the nearby mud!

His foot was lifted to perform the horrid deed when Piggy turned. His eyes nearly bulged out of his head and he screamed in agony, "Gosh, Mr. Fortescue—watch where you're goin'. You almost stepped on the ball and if you hadda stepped on it—good night! You never coulda played it!"

To the rhythm of the words "You never coulda played it—you never coulda played it—you never coulda played it—" Martin swung. The ball rose in a perfect pitch, struck on the green, bit into the turf and held, not two feet from the cup.

Martin shook himself as one emerging from a nightmare. He clapped Piggy on the back. "Thank you," he said. "Thank you, indeed."

"Fer what?" Piggy wanted to know. "I didn't do nothin'."

"You stopped me from stepping on the ball."

"That wasn't nothin'."

With all the gratitude that he now felt through his returning sanity for having been saved from temptation, Martin breathed, "My lad, you'll never know how much of everything it was."

Piggy stared at him. Then he heaved the heavy bag higher on his

shoulder. "The guy's nuts," he confided to the landscape.

CAME the late afternoon before the finals, and with it came Dr. Clapper to Martin.

The doctor, fond as he was of the younger man, didn't stop on the club porch just for a casual chat with him. He had a mission to perform, but with the diplomacy latent in every good man of medicine he didn't come to his point immediately.

"Lo, Martin," he said. "Hear that if you'd played out every round at the rate you've been going you'd have been seven under fours for 242 holes."

"Yes," said Martin, "I probably would have."

"Something of a record, isn't it?" Martin nodded somberly. "Something of a record," he admitted.

"Almost enough glory to satisfy one man."

"Almost."

The doctor hesitated, his eyes pensively on Martin. He noted the sternly set mouth, the steely eyes, the new furrow between the brows. It wasn't, he perceived, going to be easy. He cleared his throat preliminarily to the business of the hour. "I've just come from going over old Trelawney."

Martin didn't answer. Old Trelawney was absolutely not what he wanted to think about.

"He's a walking crock," Dr. Clapper continued. "He only keeps going because he has the damndest set of guts any old crock was ever blessed or cursed with. I've warned him about his heart."

"Have you?" This, Martin felt, was uncalled for. Tomorrow was going to be hell at best. Now this—this—his vituperative vocabulary was limited and "croaker" was the aptest word he could produce for the doctor—this croaker was ramming down his throat the fact that he was going to beat a sick man. And then a straw to which he could cling floated before him—a saying of a great golfer: "I never beat a well man." That was it. Keep that in mind. Never think of old Trelawney's specific ills, but remember that defeated finalists are always sick unto death. If this were not the case there would be no defeats. Neck and neck, Flying Dutchmen of finalists would eternally circle courses—

Dr. Clapper said, "It's the last match he will ever play."

"Lucky devil."

"Martin—" The doctor stopped, realizing that pleas for mercy would fall on deaf ears. He decided to try threats. "If you win that match tomorrow you may have old Trelawney's illness, his possible death to answer for."

"Old Trelawney," Martin said distinctly, and could scarcely believe that he was saying it, "must take his chances. It so happens that more than old Trelawney's life depends on that match. Two young lives—two beautiful, if I may say so in all modesty, two beautiful young lives

depend upon it." The frown between his brows deepened as he seemed to hear Aurelia's voice saying, "You have the stamina of an amoeba." "Old Trelawney," he repeated, "must take his chances."

"Are you drunk?" the doctor inquired curiously.

"That," Martin said, "is the first intelligent question you have asked so far. It suggests another. If I am not drunk, why am I not drunk?" He shook his shoulders and got up out of his chair. "I am not drunk because it did not occur to me to get so. Now that it has occurred to me—" He motioned the doctor ahead of him. "I understand that it is not amusing to get drunk alone. Will you join me?"

"Yes," Dr. Clapper said, "I think I will. Yes, indeed. I certainly will." Any job worth doing was worth doing well. His present job was to see that old Trelawney won on the following day. There were, he reflected as he joined Martin at the bar, more places to win a golf match than on the golf course.

There must also have been more ways to get Martin drunk than one, because the way he chose was not successful. The greater number of highballs he consumed the soberer he seemed to get. He stared at the table through the bottom of his fifth, then he set the glass down.

"I must be drunk," he said, "because I have consumed enough liquor to make me so."

The doctor looked at him doubtfully. "You don't think that you should have just one more?" A hangover, he recollected from his salad days, was not beneficent to golf, and he wished to insure the father of all hangovers to Martin in the morning.

But Martin turned stubborn. "Five glasses. No more. No less. I am now going to bed." Which he did, falling to sleep like a baby and never moving until the next morning when he rose clear eyed and steady handed and a taste as of violets in his mouth.

NEWS of Mr. Trelawney's last stand had traveled far. There were, in the gigantic gallery which gathered about the first tee that morning, three sports writers, one sob sister, hoping for the worst, and one representative of the Townsend Plan. Outstanding citizens of Cedar Hills, such as the minister, the banker and the Village President, were also present. A local holiday had been declared, releasing such minor fry as clerks and tellers.

Mr. Trelawney looked unusually well. His sky-blue necktie contrasted charmingly with his ruddy face and he sported a rosebud in his button hole. There was a pleasant touch of fatherliness in his manner when he spoke to Martin.

"It should be a very pleasant little match, my boy."

Martin grunted in response. It was not going to be a pleasant match. It was going to be a battle to the

death—the death of Mr. Trelawney. The driver in his hands assumed the outlines of a lethal weapon. He, the wielder of that weapon, was a potential murderer—a murderer in the first degree, at that. For what he was doing he was doing coldly and deliberately. Planned murder, that was what it was. He wondered, staring at the ground between his feet, which in the line of deaths would be more merciful—a whirlwind defeat in which Mr. Trelawney would never know what hit him, or a long, drawn out one, the match carried to the twentieth hole. He decided upon the latter. There just might be some hope then that the blow would not be fatal, because great moments could be managed to bolster the old boy's pride up—

The referee said, "Your honor, Mr. Fortescue," and he smiled genially. Ordinarily Martin would have smiled back. Today he glowered, teed the ball up and smote it mightily. It rose in the slow arc which is the golfer's dream of perfection, the slow arc which makes for both carry and rolling distance.

A sigh arose from the gallery. It was going to see *golf*.

NEATLY and deliberately Mr. Trelawney teed up. Then, before addressing the ball, he spoke. "Gives an old feller something to shoot at, don't he?"

Martin turned away. If only Mr. Trelawney weren't so jaunty, so like a child within reaching distance of candy—

Mr. Trelawney drove, and again the gallery sighed. It was not only going to see golf but it was going to see a match. His ball had found a spot on the course not twenty yards behind Martin's.

He grinned amiably. "Something to shoot at," he repeated.

This story, although it hinges on golf, is not a study of that noble and ancient game, but rather a study of the effect of that game upon one man. So for a complete résumé of the match please turn to the sporting pages of almost any newspaper of the thirteenth of September, 1937. How the battle waged back and forth is described in sharp, forceful words—first Martin one up and then Mr. Trelawney—how they walked off the eighteenth green all even—how the old war horse made up in skill for the younger man's huge distance.

For another angle on the match read Simplicity Temple's syndicated column, about how the smile never left the florid old face and how the sternness never left the young one—how the will to win was demonstrated in the two different generations—how the leaky pump bore up—

Walking towards the first hole, which had become the nineteenth, Martin decided that the time had come to end the farce. His eyes searched the gallery looking for one face—that of the woman for whom he was blackening his soul. If only she would smile it would be so much easier. He tried to catch her eye

when he saw her standing to the right of the tee. But she wouldn't look at him. She was staring at Mr. Trelawney.

He watched Mr. Trelawney address the ball, start his backward swing, reach the top—and then the thing happened which no number of officials can guard against, the loud, sharp voice of the sort of woman who follows golf matches simply because it is the thing to do. "Oh, my dear, do look at that perfectly *divine* way of wearing a handkerchief!"

It caused only a minute hitch in Mr. Trelawney's well grooved swing, but that was enough. His topped drive rolled only a matter of seventy yards or so down the course, failing to get out of the rough.

Martin stepped up to the tee amidst a deathlike silence. The gallery was waiting, breathless, intense, to see what he was going to do. He glanced at Aurelia. She was still staring at Mr. Trelawney, and her face was stern. She was waiting, too—to see what he was going to do—to see, at long last, the stuff that he was made of.

The downward swing of his club was like an unleashed bolt of lightning. It struck the ball fair and true and projected it ten yards farther than he had ever driven a ball before. All his pain, all his hatred of what he must do, had gone into that drive. With it he had struck hard and deep into the heart of an old man who was already beaten to his knees. He handed his club to Piggy and took out his handkerchief and wiped his hands—as if to wipe away blood—

Walking off the tee with Mr. Trelawney, he felt the old man's hand on his arm. Mr. Trelawney said, and he was, Martin noticed, breathing heavily—the leaky pump playing up—"A fine shot, my boy. I've rarely seen a finer."

Martin began, "That woman—" and Mr. Trelawney shrugged. "Rub of the green, boy. Shouldn't have bothered me, except that I never could stand a neighing woman." He stopped to play his second shot, sending the ball neatly out of the rough to a point still far short of where Martin's lay. Then he looked at Martin. "It's all yours, son. We'll play it out—never could abide stopping before the end when I'm licked. But—it was a great—" he had a little difficulty with his breathing but managed to finish, "a great match. Congratulate you." And he smiled.

It was that smile that finished Martin. If the old boy, leaky pump and all, could take it like that then, by God, he wasn't going to have to take it. Better far that little Aurelia and little Martin remain forever among the cabbages than that they emerge into a world which measured success by the ability to win a game, that honored sportsmanship above the spirit of sportsmanship.

His ball was lying fair and sweet on a bed of particularly velvet turf. The green, not two hundred yards



"Heer's a toast tay au wha's heer.
Nay maittur whar yee'r frum;
May the best day yee hac seen
Be waur than yur waarst tay cum."

- "Here's a toast to all who are here,
No matter where you're from;
May the best day you have seen
Be worse than your worst to come."



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away, beckoned. Smoothly he swung his club back, and just as smoothly brought it down. At its moment of impact with the ball the club head turned—and the ball went where Martin intended it should go—into the woods at the right of the green.

That was, of course, all there was to it, except for the shaking of Mr. Trelawney's hand when Martin emerged from the woods, having found his ball in an unplayable lie in the stump of a tree—the posing beside Mr. Trelawney and the cup—the frozen-on-the-face grin indigenous to runners-up.

When the to-the-gallery stuff was over, Martin made his way to the locker room. It was empty. All the world was outside crowding around Mr. Trelawney. Martin was alone, far more alone than he had ever been—because he didn't even have his dream now to keep him company.

He sat down on a bench and began slowly to remove his shoes, his blank eyes staring at his dead—little Aurelia and little Martin, fading—fading—

HOURS, or possibly only minutes, later he was still sitting there. The locker room began to fill. Belated condolences were showered on him. Tough lucks and good matches pelted him like hail. He rose, bowing

his head beneath them, and slipped out of his trousers, standing, grim but rejoicing, in his red and white striped shorts. These men—they would never understand! How could they know, sport-blinded as they were, that only from great defeat can come great victory—that Martin, true at last to what he knew to be the truth, was free. The amoeba had turned. It was exulting in being an amoeba.

THERE seemed to be quite a bit of excitement at the door. Someone who had not the right to get in was trying to do so. Incuriously he looked in that direction. He heard Sam say, "But damn it all, Aurelia, if a man can't be alone in his own locker room where can he be alone? Besides, we ain't all dressed."

Aurelia said, "See if I care. I want to talk to Martin."

Another male voice said, "Well, if you'll wait a minute we'll ship him out to you."

"No. I can't wait even a minute. I want to tell him what—"

Martin, oblivious of his gaudy stripes, stepped forward. "This is my affair, gentlemen."

"Martin, you—"

"Wait, Aurelia." He lifted a commanding hand. "I know what you are going to say. You are going to

say that I have no more stamina than an amoeba. Well, you're right. I haven't any more—"

"But Martin—"

"Wait," he said again, "until I have finished. I told you that I was going to try to win that tournament."

"Yes, and—"

"Will you," Martin said, "shut up? I told you that I was going to try to win that tournament, and I did try."

"Yes," she said sharply. "Up to a certain point you did try."

He started to speak, then stopped. Wearily he turned away. What was the use? How could he make her understand the depths and then the heights?

A voice which sounded like Aurelia's and yet didn't sound like hers because it was so gentle said, "That's what I've been wanting to tell you, Martin. You tried up to a certain point and then you didn't try any more. And, Martin—if you had tried beyond that point, I'd never have forgiven you—"

He turned, staring, unable to believe what he was hearing. "Aurelia, you—"

"He was," Aurelia said, "such a very fine old sport. You see, the whole thing meant so much to him. He didn't know that it was just a game."

Strictly From Hunger

(Continued from page 8)

Dean, the Great Mouthpiece, is the authority for the statement that seven regulars on the team got \$3,000 for the season. The brothers Dean, Dizzy and Paul, pitched the Cardinals to forty-nine victories that year, more than half the total number of games won by the team, and were paid \$11,500—\$8,500 for Dizzy, a thirty-game winner—a figure which represents the salary one good man, not a star, receives on another team. A cut of the World Series money meant more than a nice bonus to the Cardinals. In the majority of cases the individual winning shares of \$5,389 meant an extra year's pay.

The following year the Cards had a chance to win the pennant all over again when the Giants went into a midsummer swoon in July and lost four straight. The cocky, clowning Cards, going into a six-game series with the Giants in St. Louis, acted as if they had the prize money spent already. Pepper Martin, in fact, did not report for work until five minutes before game time. The umpire was about to bawl, "Play ball!" when Martin appeared on the field, hitched up his pants, thumped his glove and cast a sinister glance at the Giants.

"I'm ready," he announced to one and all.

"In the pig's eye," Mr. Frank Frisch, the manager, said morosely

to several baseball writers. "These bums will never win the pennant."

And why not?

"Ah, they won last year," Frisch answered. "They're the great, big, wonderful champions. They think they're the nuts. They're not lean and hungry."

Although Mr. Frisch did not realize it at the time, he was quoting almost verbatim from Shakespeare, to whose enlightening influence he had been exposed briefly at Fordham University twenty years earlier. Shakespeare, of course, never called anyone a bum, but he did recognize Cassius, of the "lean and hungry look", as a dangerous, ambitious man. Frisch, therefore, was using a classy allusion which is accepted as a truism in sports today.

For a few weeks the opulent Giants and the complacent Cards succeeded in making mugs of Shakespeare and Mr. Frisch. Presently it developed that neither team won the 1935 pennant. The Giants, world champions in 1933, and the Cards, more of the same in '34, were not as hungry as the Cubs, who returned to the throne-room after a three-year lapse by slamming down the stretch in September to win twenty-one consecutive games.

A rugged individualist in his youth and a player never in the habit of underestimating his value to an

owner, Frisch was the leading exponent of the lean-and-hungry school until he was given the old heave-o by the front office a year ago. This is not to imply that Mr. Frisch was an arch-enemy of labor or in favor of repressing the masses. His job was to win pennants and in the six years that he managed the Cardinals, his only winning team was the lowest-paid team.

If adversity makes the artist and poverty the poet, hunger makes the champion. An athlete "strictly from hunger" is a desperate man who is willing to suffer physical violence and the public ridicule which wounds his pride—the occupational hazards of sport—to achieve his purpose, which is the winning of games, bouts or matches.

There have been good athletes who were uninspired fellows in action or repose, but they owed their success to extraordinary physical endowment.

There have been great athletes who were unimpressive physically, but every one was characterized by a deep-seated hunger to satisfy an inner craving—for food, money, prestige, pride or ambition. No matter; the fundamental hunger was there and the possessor was a high-ranking performer as long as he was motivated by an incentive intense or important enough to him.

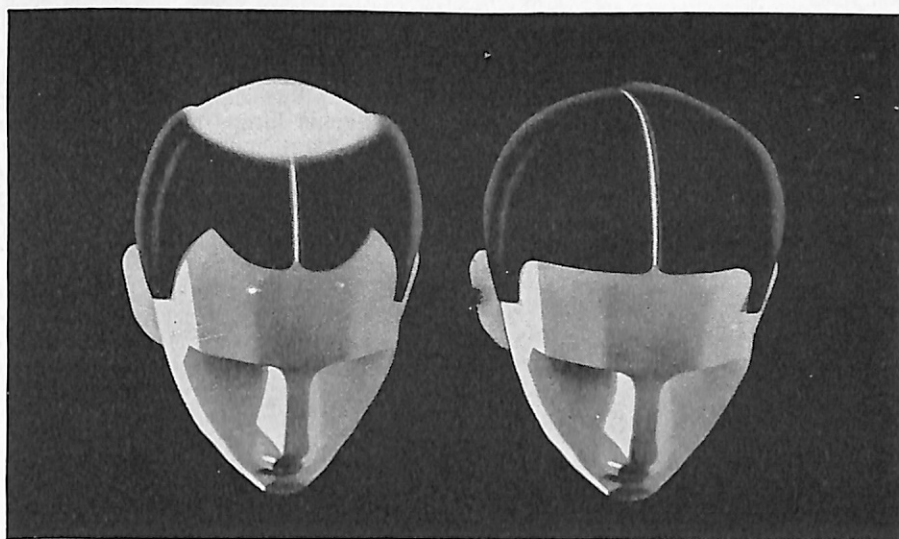
Originally a Broadway expression, the phrase "strictly from hunger" has a meaning all its own when applied to sports. In show business an enterprise or an individual strictly from hunger is lacking in the smooth, professional touch which makes the pretending convincing. A theatrical production strictly from hunger has been financed on a shoe-string and looks it; an actor strictly from hunger gives a strained characterization which would look better between two slices of rye bread. But in any event, the parties concerned are doing the very best they can. Their best may be pretty terrible, but there are strong overtones of urgent necessity, of desperation, and it is that connotation which has been carried over to sports.

It must be significant that the heavyweight championship, the richest prize in sport, has been captured by only one man who came from a family in fairly comfortable circumstances. He was Max Baer, son of a wholesale butcher, and the perfect—or horrible—example of an athlete in whom a sustaining, all-enveloping hunger was missing. Baer did not have to go into the grubby fight racket to keep body and soul together. His father was not wealthy, you understand, but the family never had known privation. Surely, no man ever brought a more magnificent physique to the ring than Baer. He hit hard enough to kill Frankie Campbell and hasten the death of Ernie Schaaf; the impact of his right hand on Carnera's jaw broke ponderous Primo's ankle. He could take a punch well. He was fast, agile and clever after a fashion. The fellow had everything—everything but the inherent hunger to keep him going, after his vanity, the motive which induced him to become a fighter in the first place, had been satisfied.

MAYBE Jack Dempsey was the greatest modern champion until the advent of Louis, at least, because he was a hungry, reckless man deep down. Dempsey never shaved for three days before a bout and a vast significance was attached to the stubbly growth of beard he invariably had when he crawled through the ropes.

Some of the better minds insisted the wire whiskers made him look very sinister indeed and were intended to frighten his opponent. This line of pure logic was basically sound, if you discount the fact that good professional fighters do not frighten easily.

Other profound parties maintained the beard was a preventive against facial cuts and served to cushion blows on the chin. But Dempsey, a citizen with a tough hide, never was a "bleeder", and advanced scientific belief in the field of dynamics does not support the contention that a three-day beard absorbs a good, stiff poke in the puss.



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Is it not possible that Dempsey's beard was an atavistic attempt to recapture the desperation of the dark days when he was a hobo riding the rods without the price of a shave or a meal in his pockets?

It is a strange and incontrovertible fact that an athlete's capacity for bearing physical punishment varies in inverse ratio to the amount of money received for services rendered. A hockey player flirts with serious, shocking injury every time he skates out on the ice and he is expected to demonstrate his zeal for

the game by engaging in extra-curricular brawls, all for an average salary of \$3,500. A professional football player is very happy indeed to take his lumps and \$150 a game.

As a class, major-league ball players are the aristocrats of sport. The salaries of the good, not necessarily outstanding, players run into five figures and a World Series share is worth about \$5,000 to each player. Two years ago each member of the Boston Redskins collected the princely sum of \$225.90 for beating the Chicago Bears in the play-off game

for the professional football championship and the carnage on the field was something terrific. The New York Americans got \$400 apiece for taking a soulful pounding in six Stanley Cup hockey games a few months later. Yet ball players are afflicted with more mysterious maladies, are brought down with more cases of housemaid's knee, hangnail and pernicious anemia than any other group in sport. Maybe that proves something. I don't know. At least ball players eat pretty darn often—and well.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 31)

Elks Team of Oak Park, Ill., Wins Baseball Championship

History repeated itself this year when the baseball team of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1295, walked off with its second successive Senior League championship. At the end of the campaign, the Elks team, behind great pitching by Bob Bentley, took two straight games in a two-out-of-three series. The victory was all the more gratifying because of stiff competition put up by the team on the other side, the Palmer Florals.

News of the Elks Bowling League of Southern California

Ten of the most active lodges in southern California are represented in the Elks Southern California Bowling League. As listed in the final standings for 1939, Huntington Park Lodge No. 1415 and Alhambra No. 1328 wound up in a tie for first place followed by Oxnard and Long Beach. Cups and medals were scheduled to be presented at the Victory Dinner Dance at the Altadena Country Club, with P.E.R. John W. Condon of Huntington Park Lodge acting as Master of Ceremonies and all of the lodges in the League being represented by their Exalted Rulers.

Officers for 1939-40 were elected by the Southern California Elks Bowling Association as follows: Pres., C. J. La Rue, Los Angeles; 1st Vice-Pres., J. J. Herr, Alhambra; 2nd Vice-Pres., Lester Lund, Oxnard; Secy.-Treas., A. W. Mochon, Long Beach.

Formal Opening of Remodeled Lodge Home at Martins Ferry, O.

The newly remodeled and refurnished home of Martins Ferry, O., Lodge, No. 895, was formally opened with a reception to which the public was invited. The opening for Elks only was attended by delegations from practically all of the valley lodges.

The following Monday night, September 11, was State Association Night. A large class of candidates was initiated during the meeting which was preceded by a banquet for

candidates and sponsors, at which many of the State officers were present, and followed by a luncheon and smoker.

Grand Lodge Officers Attend Orange, N. J., Lodge's Golden Jubilee

Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135, began its Golden Jubilee Celebration with a civic parade on Saturday afternoon, September 16, and that evening sponsored a Junior Drum and Bugle Corps competition, interesting and well attended. The next Wednesday was Anniversary Jubilee Night. The Entertainment Committee, under Excise Commissioner Harry Callaghan, conducted a fine program and music was provided for dancing.

Large crowds attended the "Golden Night of Games" on Friday and the Fiftieth Anniversary Dinner on Saturday evening, the anniversary of the lodge's institution. Among the speakers were Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge; Past State Pres. Joseph G. Buch of Trenton, N. J., Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Grand Trustee William T. Phillips of New York Lodge No. 1; William J. Jernick of Nutley Lodge, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn.; Past State Vice-Pres. James H. Driscoll and senior resident P.E.R. John H. Moran of Orange Lodge; E.R. Thomas H. Leahy, Orange Lodge; Mayor Ovid C. Bianchi of Orange; and the Hon. Daniel J. Brennan, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Essex County. P.E.R. William J. McCormack was Toastmaster. Mr. Driscoll was Chairman of the Anniversary Committee which programmed and had charge of the week's activities.

Hagerstown, Md., Lodge Proves Its Worth to the Community

Blood Donor Squads, formed last March by Hagerstown, Md., Lodge, No. 378, to furnish blood transfusions in cases of extreme emergency, have performed fine service. E.R. John E. France was found to be the

only one among the 21 members of Squad No. 1 having Type B blood. Just a week after the squad was formed, this type was needed for a transfusion in the case of a child hospital patient. Mr. France was the donor. Another member of the lodge, Richard Munson, made a trip to Baltimore to act as donor in an emergency case. Assisted by his staff, Dr. W. Ross Cameron, also a member, took the samples and attended to the typing for Squad No. 1. A second squad of 23 men was formed as a precaution against any extraordinary demand for blood donations.

Along a different line but interesting as well was the lodge's co-operation in the sponsorship, for the second year, of the Soap Box Derby races. More than 6,000 persons watched the running of the races on the main street of the city. The winner was sent to Akron, O., with all expenses paid, to represent the local lodge and the city of Hagerstown in the national races.

Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge Sponsors Second Annual Ivy Week Sale

The Annual Ivy Week campaign, sponsored by Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1494, for the benefit of the Moses Ludington Hospital, showed a net profit this year of \$128.50. A variety of plants besides ivy was offered in the house to house canvass of Ticonderoga and neighboring communities, and the response, in view of adverse financial conditions existing at the time, was exceptionally fine.

The Hospital has benefited by the two drives held so far to the extent of \$437.78. P.E.R. Dr. John H. Low was Chairman of the 1939 Committee.

Hoquiam, Wash., Elks Sell Football Tickets, Benefiting Y. M. C. A.

Some time ago Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge, No. 1082, voted to sponsor the work of the local Y. M. C. A., and to aid that organization in every way possible. Immediately after a recent regular meeting, reserved seat tickets went on sale for the home

games of the local high school football team—the "Grizzlies". A crew of 40 members of the lodge, under the direction of Emil Englund, took orders for the 300 tickets, the only reserved seat tickets sold.

The games were played under the lights of the Hoquiam Olympic Stadium. All proceeds, over and above the actual cost of the tickets, went to the Y. M. C. A. Cecil Jenks was Chairman of the Elks Football Committee.

A Meeting at Woodstock, Ill., Lodge Enlightens Future Citizens

P.E.R. J. Paul Kuhn of Aurora Lodge, a Past President of the Ill. State Elks Assn., addressed a meeting some weeks ago in the home of Woodstock, Ill., Lodge, No. 1043. Twenty-three of the 25 persons seeking their citizenship papers listened to Mr. Kuhn as he explained the advantages of American citizenship. P.E.R. J. Leonard Townsend, D.D. for Illinois, N.E., Dave Joslyn, Jr., and Dan Quinlan, Woodstock members, also spoke. W. E. Dutton is Chairman of the lodge's Americanization Committee under whose auspice the program was given.

Moscow, Ida., Lodge Reports Progress and a Pleasant Routine

Moscow, Ida., Lodge, No. 249, reports a splendid financial condition. The lodge has been reducing its debt at a rapid rate and hopes to be entirely free of any incumbrances in a year or two. Among the many improvements made last summer on the \$100,000 lodge home was the reconditioning of the four bowling alleys, with new returns and fittings. Eight five-man teams compete in league games on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Thursday is Ladies Night.

E.R. Kester B. Grimes and his officers are planning a busy season. Many social events are on the winter program.

Memory of Two Grand Lodge Officers Honored at Birmingham, Ala.

The annual pilgrimage to Elmwood Cemetery for the purpose of honoring the memory of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Basil M. Allen and Past Grand Inner Guard Capt. E. J. McCrossin, P.E.R.'s of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, was made this Fall by officers and members of the lodge and many friends. At Mr. Allen's grave, the Hon. Henry Upson Sims, former President of the Bar Association, delivered the Eulogy and P.D.D. Harry W. English placed a memorial wreath on the grave. Dr. L. B. Dillon, Chaplain of the lodge, eulogized Capt. McCrossin and P.E.R. Dr. John W. Perkins officiated in the placing of the wreath on the grave.

The Invocation and Benediction were given by former Chaplain W. T. Harrison, and the Elks Quar-

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Monogram ☐ ☐ ☐ Emblem desired.....

Name

Address

NOTICE! If the Pasmasters are for gift purposes, be sure to include proper instructions for Gold Engraving on separate sheet of paper.

SECRETARIES AND LODGE CORRESPONDENTS PLEASE NOTE

The Elks Magazine wants to print as much news of Subordinate Lodge activities as it can possibly handle. There are, of course, the limitations of space and that all important problem of time. We must send the magazine to our printer considerably in advance of the day it reaches you each month.

Therefore, will you note on your records that all material sent for publication in The Elks Magazine should be in our hands not later than the first of the month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—for example, news items intended for the January issue should reach us by December 1st.

tette sang. Others who took part in the impressive ceremonies were E.R. Harry K. Reid, Past Exalted Ruler Ben Mendelsohn, P.E.R. John Theilman, Trustee Ed Smith, Capt. Charles McCombs and the Elks Patrol, Sam Carpenter and Julius Rosumny.

Items of Interest From Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge

Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, is proud of the group, formed within the lodge last May, known as the Chanters. With only one month of rehearsals, it won first prize for musical clubs at the convention of the Indiana State Elks Association at Evansville. The Chanters are uniformed in white flannel trousers with purple striping on the legs, purple satin shirts, white sashes, white tams and white slippers.

In the early Fall, Terre Haute Lodge held its eighth annual Coon Hunt. Approximately 3,500 Elks and their guests attended, enjoying the free food served all day and in the evening, and a program of diversified amusement. Several good fights were staged as a climax. Byron Nelson, National Open Golf Champion, and Ralph Guldahl, former Open Champion, were featured in a golf match with two local golfers, playing before a gallery of approximately 2,000 enthusiastic spectators.

Okmulgee, Okla., Lodge Dedicates Its New Home

Okmulgee, Okla., Lodge, No. 1136, celebrated the opening of its new home recently with a banquet and the initiation of a class of 18 candidates, the initiatory work being exemplified by the Ritualistic Team of Oklahoma City Lodge No. 417. Thirty-eight visiting Elks from El Reno, Oklahoma City, Bristow, Sapulpa, Muskogee and Tulsa attended.

Grand Esquire George M. McLean and State Pres. William L. Fogg, who headed the El Reno delegation, complimented the officers and members on their new home and the progress made in their lodge during recent weeks. With splendid results, Special Deputy Floyd H. Brown worked with the

lodge assisting the newly installed officers in a complete rehabilitation program. Under the leadership of these officers, all young men under 30 years of age, Okmulgee Lodge is rapidly becoming one of the outstanding lodges of the State.

Officers of Ohio North Central Lodges Meet at Norwalk

A meeting of officers of the lodges in the North Central District of Ohio was called for September 24 by D.D. Jim Armitage of Elyria, O. Representatives of 11 of the 14 lodges responded. The meeting was held at Norwalk, O., Lodge, No. 730. E.R. E. A. Lewellen welcomed the visitors and P.E.R. Jack Lais, Pres. of the O. State Elks Assn., announced the names of the chairmen of the various State committees.

Discussions of lodge business took place. It was shown that, almost without exception, the lodges were in favor of a ritualistic contest. At the end of the meeting, the host lodge served a buffet luncheon.

Fremont, O., Lodge Entertains Elks from Bellevue, O.

Officers and members of Bellevue, O., Lodge, No. 1013, were invited some weeks ago by Fremont, O., Lodge, No. 169, through E.R. Henry G. Stahl, to be its guests at a Sunday dinner. Fifty-two Bellevue Elks responded. More than 30 years ago, 26 members of Fremont Lodge withdrew to participate in the organization of a new lodge at Bellevue. A warm friendship has always existed between the two lodges.

Among the 240 Elks assembled for the dinner were D.D. Charles

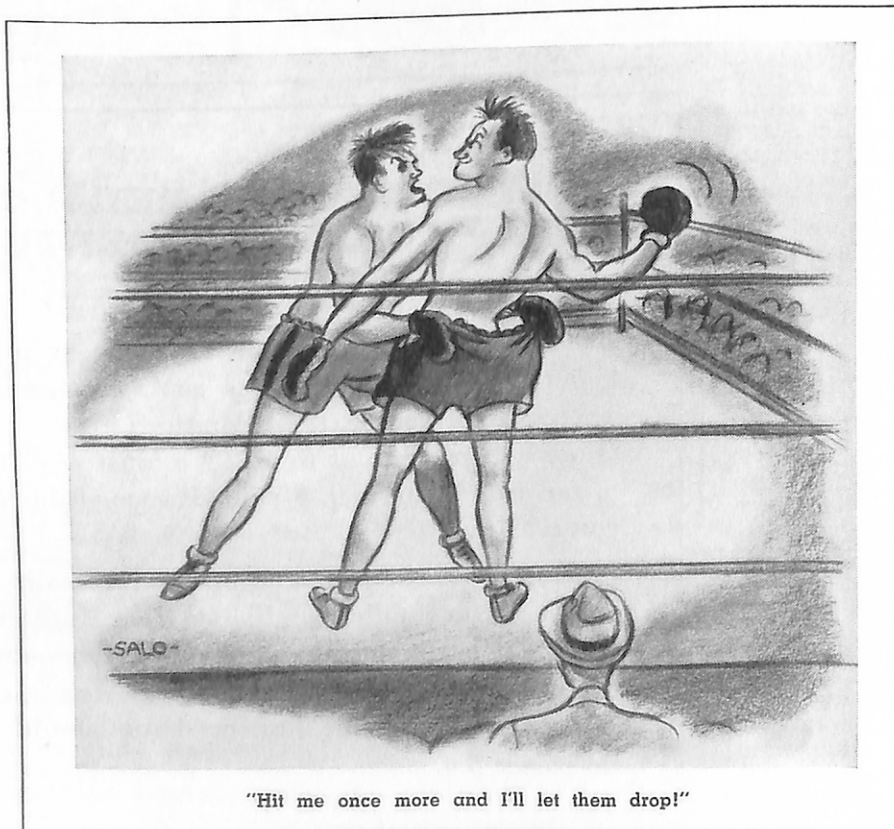
E. Prater of Kenton Lodge, and State Pres. Jack Lais of Norwalk. A class was initiated later, with the Fremont officers performing the ritualistic work and an orchestra assisting in the ceremonies. Mr. Prater inspected the lodge in his official capacity, and Mr. Lais gave a brief outline of the State Association's program for the coming year. E.R. O. J. Gabel acted as spokesman for the Bellevue members, expressing thanks for their hosts' hospitality. Jay Bella, a member of Fremont Lodge, home for a visit, described the comforts and fine treatment enjoyed at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., where he is a resident.

A Summary of Providence, R. I., Lodge's Vacation Activities

In the wide range of its summer activities, Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, paid special attention to its custom of doing things for underprivileged youngsters. Through the Social and Community Welfare Committee, headed by Chairman Edward J. Coyle, 96 boys from 11 to 15 years of age, were sent to Beach Pond Camp in southern Rhode Island for two weeks, all expenses being borne by the lodge. The boys, uniformed in purple striped white shorts and white jerseys bearing the name and number of the lodge lettered in purple, assembled at the lodge home, had lunch and then boarded buses for the hour's run to the camp. The caravan was escorted to the city line by motorcycle members of the Providence Police Department and the rest of the way by State Police. On the following Friday night the Elks Committee and many of the

lodge members visited the camp. Through the kindness of Tom Cotter, Chief of the Providence Fire Department, the boys were treated to a movie. Ted Max provided ice cream and cake. E.R. H. Edgar Walton spoke for the lodge. A drill, acrobatic stunts and song and dance specialties were put on by the boys themselves. The next week the Elks made another visit to provide entertainment, and again the boys responded, this time with a series of boxing bouts. Prizes were presented to the winners.

The Chopmist Hill Inn in Scituate, R. I., was chosen by Providence Lodge as



"Hit me once more and I'll let them drop!"

the site for its Elks Children's Day at which nearly a thousand boys and girls were entertained, and for its own annual outing and clambake. Several hundred Elks from Pawtucket, Woonsocket, Newport and Westerly, R. I., Boston, Fall River, New Bedford and Newton, Mass., and Norwich and New London, Conn., attended the Bake. Ted Max and his committee were in charge of both affairs.

Salisbury, Md., Lodge Performs Work of Meritorious Nature

One of the most important items in the past year's charity work of Salisbury, Md., Lodge, No. 817, was the furnishing of pneumonia serum for two children and one adult. The lodge was informed by the staff at the hospital where the cases were handled, that the serum resulted in the saving of at least two lives.

Cooperation was made by the lodge in the support of the Wicomico Boys Band during the summer months, through cash donations and the furnishing of a room for practice. Substantial contributions were made also to the Fairview Nursery School and the Salvation Army. The annual Christmas dinner for underprivileged children is served on a large scale, with music, a radio broadcast and other entertainment. More than 200 prizes were given out last Spring in the Easter Egg Hunt in which approximately 3,000 children of the county participated.

Annapolis, Md., Lodge Sets High Standard for General Activities

Large classes of new members were received into Annapolis, Md., Lodge, No. 622, during the past year, initiations being held in the newly furnished lodge home. The amount of \$20,000 was voted for a new addition to the building. Completion of the work was marked by appropriate dedication ceremonies. As a large percentage of the lodge's charities are reported under "miscellaneous", they are not only direct but secret, known only to the committee. Disbursements for these and for general welfare work came to approximately \$1,200. In the interest of youth education, the lodge gives an annual scholarship of \$150 to the boy or girl graduating with highest honors from the local high school.

Twice during the year, free use of their ballroom was given over by the Annapolis Elks to groups of young men and their ladies for dances. On one of these evenings the lodge gave a banquet to the Columbia Athletic Club. About 40 boys were seated, most of them being sons of Elks. Other lodge activities include Saturday night dances throughout the winter, an annual Ladies Night banquet and frequent "feeds" for the members. In pursuance of its established policy to encourage membership attendance at the annual Tri-State Convention, Annapolis Lodge appropriated a \$500 expense fund. To qualify for these



Give This Flour A New Name!

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\$50 Check Each Month for Four Months Extra Promptness Prize

Here is an unusual offer—one on which you have an equal opportunity to win a cash prize and receive a \$50.00 check regularly each month for the first four months of 1940. In order to find a new name for flour, we are passing on to the readers of this magazine the opportunity to suggest a new name and win a cash prize for their efforts. There are a lot of good names being used now, such as "Harvest Queen," "Kansas Pride," "Golden Loaf," and others. We would like to find a new name, and for the 26 best names selected by the judges we will award \$300.00 in cash prizes, plus a \$50.00 check each month for the first four months of 1940 to First Prize winner for promptness.

The First Name You Think of May Be a Winner

Think of the many names that are now being used and suggest a new name for flour—one that you feel would appeal to the housewife. The name you send in may be of one, two, or three words, separate or combined. It will cost you nothing to send in a name. You may win one of the 26 cash prizes. Write your new name for flour on a penny postcard or sheet of paper, sign your own name and address, and mail within three days from the time you read this announcement if possible. It will pay you to be prompt. Your name for flour must be mailed before December 20, 1939.

26 Cash Prizes Totaling \$300.00

If the name you send in is selected by the judges as First Prize winner, you will receive \$100.00 in cash, and as an extra prize for promptness you will receive a check for \$50.00 each month for the first four months of 1940. Second Prize will be \$50.00; Third Prize, \$25.00; Fourth Prize, \$15.00; and there will be 22 prizes of \$5.00 each. The 26 cash prizes are in addition to the extra prize of \$50.00 a month which is offered to the First Prize winner for promptness in sending in the winning name. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of a tie. Only one name will be accepted from an individual. Right now you may be thinking of a name that will win First Prize. Sometimes the first name you think of is the best name to send in. Send your flour name to

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benefits, a Convention Club scheme is carefully worked out. As a gesture of fraternal friendship, the lodge presented handsome Bibles to two new lodges of the State, Easton No. 1622 and Pocomoke City No. 1624.

Ground Is Cleared for New Home of Santa Maria, Calif., Lodge

The biggest building project in Santa Maria, Calif., this year to date, was begun in September when ground was cleared for the new home of Santa Maria Lodge No. 1538. When complete, with furniture and landscaping, the cost will amount to approximately \$30,000.

The building will be of Spanish architectural design and will have a frontage of one hundred and twelve feet. Proper fencing will enclose the grounds, with a six-foot brick wall surrounding a patio in which an ample-sized barbecue pit will be built. Every facility for club purposes has

been incorporated into the plans. The lodge hall forty-seven by thirty-five feet, will have exposed redwood trusses and a celotex paneled ceiling. Walls will be finished in stucco with mahogany wainscoting.

Elks Golf Tournament at Boise, Ida. Closes With a Banquet

A banquet was held in the home of Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, at the close of the Elks Golf Tournament which took place at the Plantation Golf Course operated by a member of the lodge, Howard Tucker. The tournament started as a local affair in 1931, but has been thrown open for the past three years to members of the Order throughout the State. In attendance at the banquet were Ed. D. Baird, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and Jay Malvin, President of the Ida. State Elks Assn., Past Exalted Rulers of Boise Lodge. Both played in the

tournament. Past Exalted Ruler C. J. Westcott, of Caldwell Lodge, was Master of Ceremonies.

Winners in the Tournament were Wallace Campbell, Boise, Championship Flight; Harry Purcell, Boise, First Flight; Bob Davis, Jr., Nampa, Second Flight; Don Lindsay, Nampa, Third Flight; Frank Matthews, Boise, Fourth Flight. As an innovation, there was a separate flight for Past Exalted Rulers, and trophies were awarded the winner, George H. Van de Steeg of Nampa, and Past State President Nicholas Ney, Sr., of Caldwell Lodge, runner-up. Blind Bogey winners were Mark Jones, Melvin Smith, Arch Biladeau, Walter Smith and R. S. Belnap, all of Boise Lodge, and Don Lindsay, Nampa. Walter Smith, who won the State amateur championship recently at McCall, Ida., was Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements. Sixty players took part in the Tournament, held on September 10.



News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 33)

Pres.'s.: North District, Forrest Lagenour, Woodland; Bay, Homer F. Potter, San Francisco; W. Cent., R. C. Engle, Monterey; E. Cent., Lawrence Basteen, Tulare; S. Cent., Fred Peters, Whittier; South, William W. Garvin, Santa Ana; Trustees for two-year terms: W. Cent., James A. Greenelsh, San Luis Obispo; Bay, Donald Quayle, Alameda; S. Cent., Walter Heller, Redondo Beach; Secretary Emeritus, Richard C. Benbough, San Diego; Secretary, Edgar W. Dale, Richmond; Treas., E. M. Porter, San Jose. The new President's first official act was to appoint the following officers: Chaplain, the Rev. David Todd Gillmor, San Jose; Tiler, Thomas S. Abbott, Los Angeles; Sergeant-at-Arms, Ernest C. Nielsen, Petaluma.

The social side of the Reunion was well taken care of by the Santa Monica committee of over one hundred hard-working Elks under the General Chairmanship of P.E.R. Owen C. Keown. On Thursday morning more than 300 ladies were present at the bridge breakfast and fashion show at the Deauville Beach Club.

The combined Glee Club Contest and Memorial Service, arranged by Past Grand Esquire John J. Doyle of Los Angeles, provided a treat for music lovers. P.D.D. J. O. Reavis, of Bakersfield, delivered a beautiful tribute to those who had passed on. The Service was voted the most impressive ever presented.

Fifteen 40-passenger buses were required to transport the ladies on a scenic and movie studio tour on Friday morning. They were welcomed at the Riviera Country Club by a large number of Elks and en-

tertained at luncheon. The afternoon was devoted to the Drum and Bugle Corps and Drill Team Contests at the Riviera Polo Field. A very fine polo game concluded the program. The High Jinks on Friday evening brought together over 4,000 Elks and ladies for one of the finest vaudeville shows ever presented. Prominent members of the movie colony assisting with the program included Andy Devine, Esquire of San Fernando Lodge, and Monte Blue of Santa Monica Lodge, who acted as Masters of Ceremonies for the evening, and Irvin S. Cobb of Paducah, Ky., Lodge. Mr. Cobb gave the most stirring patriotic speech heard during the Convention.

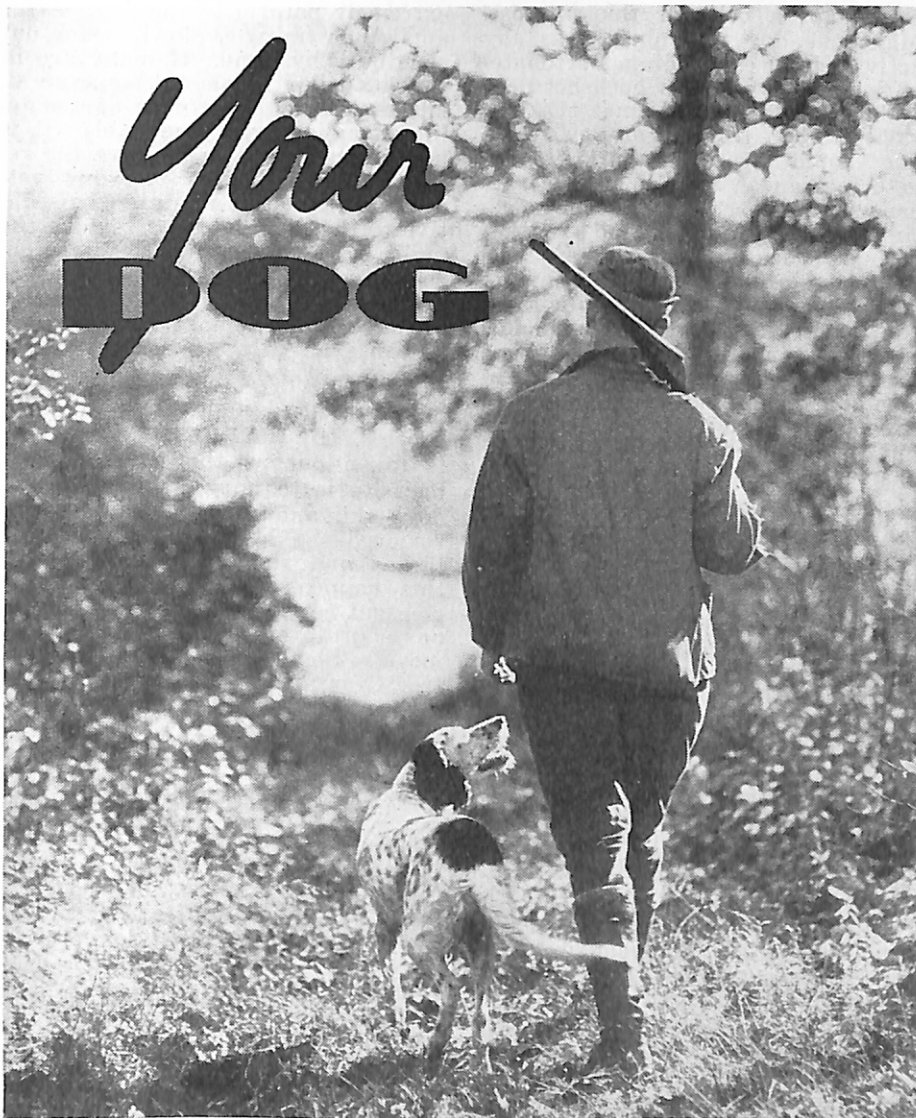
THE huge Americanism Parade on Saturday afternoon evoked applause from the more than 50,000 spectators who watched it pass for over two hours. In the line of march were 17 bands, 18 drum corps, many drill teams and a large number of symbolic patriotic floats. The final event of this most successful meeting was the dinner dance held on Saturday night in honor of retiring President Hebenstreit and as a welcome for Mr. Maze, his successor. Reservations for the party numbered 800.

The Business Manager of The Elks Magazine, Osborne B. Bond, of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, was present at the Convention and arranged a very interesting exhibit in the lobby of the Miramar Hotel, showing how the Magazine is made up each month. He explained the publishing operations in the selection of good stories and fine art work, and also the great care taken to see that only reliable advertisers

be sold space in the publication.

Results of the various contests and competitions are listed as follows: Ritualistic: 1st, Inglewood, 97.428; 2nd, Petaluma, 97.171; 3rd, Monterey, 97.134. Antlers Ritualistic: Santa Barbara. Bowling: 5-Man teams, 1st, Huntington Park, 2nd, Long Beach; doubles, Pauley and Neise, Glendale; singles, Wills of Huntington Park; 5-lady teams, 1st, Glendale, 2nd, Huntington Park, 3rd, Ventura; Drum and Bugle Corps: Anaheim; Drill Teams: Class A, Pasadena Toppers, Class B, Inglewood; Glee Clubs: Class A, Los Angeles 99 Chanters, Class B, Anaheim; Softball: State Championship, Oxnard, Runner-up, Alameda; Golf: 4-man team, 1st, Long Beach, 2nd, Los Angeles; Individual, Nick Petropolo, Santa Monica; Low in Professional and Elk Tournament, 1st team, Olin Dutra, Nick Petropolo, Harry Lauder and Glenn Smelser; Attendance Award to Convention Committee Chairmen: Largest registration based on membership, Burt Sorenson of Inglewood; Largest registration, Harry Leonhardt, Los Angeles; Largest registration from a distance, Donald Quayle, Alameda; Pistol Shoot: Team scores, 22's and 38's, 1st, Huntington Park, 5354, 2nd, El Centro, 5067, 3rd, Inglewood, 4666; Parade Winners: Grand Sweepstakes—For the best Elks entry, Los Angeles with the best Symphonic Band, White Squadron, Chanters, Receptionists, Mounted Group, Uniformed Marchers and Boy Scout Troop: Best Elk Float, Long Beach; Best Elk Marching Group, Pasadena Toppers. Santa Monica Lodge received a vote of thanks for having staged a great convention.

Your DOG



Philip Gendreau



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of a new book just published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. Edward Faust, the new editor of "Your Dog" and a well known breeder and expert, has written it in a thoroughly down-to-earth style and it is chock-full of practical information for the average dog owner. It is a beautifully printed, well illustrated, 48-page book and covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. The retail price of this new book is 50c but it is available to readers of *The Elks Magazine* at a special price of 25c. This can be sent in cash or stamps. Send for your copy NOW. Address—The Elks Magazine—50 E. 42nd St., New York.

by Edward Faust Field Emergencies

AS this is written thousands of hunters and their dogs are making things uncertain for a variety of wild life on which game laws have been lifted. For this reason it is timely to discuss some of the hazards of the field which our four-legged assistant huntsmen are likely to encounter. Herein we do

not assume to tell anything about the art and science of hunting; Joe Godfrey, Jr., capable author of your magazine's Rod and Gun department, can very well take care of that. Nor do we attempt to show how Towser should be trained for field work, which is a subject too comprehensive to be fully explained in one article. But there are certain accidents that may happen to the dog when he goes a-hunting which, as a matter of fact, are common to near-

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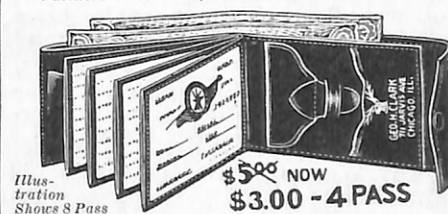


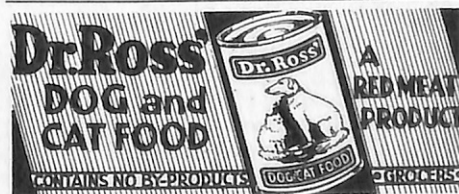
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ly all free-running country dogs. Because the dog can penetrate into places inaccessible to his human hunting partner, and so willingly and fearlessly takes chances that common sense restrains men from taking, he more often becomes a field casualty. His bravery is such that few if any animals can intimidate him. Even the average pint-sized terrier goes through life profoundly convinced that he is a scourge to all other animals. Taking the say-so of many big-game hunters, the phrase "brave as a lion" is more than flattering to a beast that is more marked for caution than courage. But so recklessly brave is the dog that he is successfully used to hunt and hold lions. The dogs so used are not the giants of the species by any means; they are the welterweights among dogs—the Airedales, which in parts of South Africa are frequently employed in lion-hunting expeditions. Considering that these giant cats are from 8 to 11 feet long overall and weigh from 400 to 600 pounds and that the Airedale averages about 2½ feet long and around 40 to 45 pounds when full grown, we might very well say "brave as a dog".

But to return to our discussion of the mishaps a dog may meet in the field: Among the major hazards are shot wounds, poisonous snake bites and lacerations of various kinds and origins.

Let's take these in order, reserving our review of the minor misfortunes subsequently in this article.

SHOT WOUNDS: No hunter in his right mind would, of course, deliberately fire at his dog, but accidents will happen. In this event, if water is available, bathe and bandage the wound immediately. Yes, tear up your handkerchiefs, shirt or any other cloth you may have, if you have no commercial bandage with you—although most foresighted sportsmen when venturing into the field will drop a roll or two of bandage in their pockets before starting out. If the dog is unconscious try to get it to a veterinarian as quickly as possible. When bandaging it is best to first muzzle the dog as a painful wound may cause the dog to become savage. A good emergency muzzle is made by wrapping long strips of cloth around the dog's foreface bringing both ends up each side of the neck to the back of the head and tying them there. You

can adapt a belt for this purpose. Make the dog rest quietly, as any activity induces bleeding. Fortunately small shot such as buckshot does not as a rule make wounds that are easily infected but in any event the dog should have the attention of the veterinarian as soon as possible because only expert examination, sometimes X-ray, can determine how dangerously close the shot may be located to a vital organ. Do not attempt to remove shot yourself as this is a job for a competent vet, not to be undertaken by anyone unskilled in such practice. It seems needless to mention that no wounded dog should go without medical attention until the hunt is over, yet this heedless cruelty has been known.

SNAKE BITES: As a rule, most intelligent dogs seem to sense whether a snake is dangerous or not and many of them will give such as a rattler, copperhead or moccasin a wide berth. But if your dog is bitten, and he may be because of his intense enthusiasm for the hunt, you'll have to work fast. Again the dog must be muzzled as this time you will have to make three or four fairly deep cuts around the bite. Then try to squeeze out the poison and if it is a leg bite apply a tourniquet above it. Get the dog to a veterinarian as soon as possible as it means life or death for your dog.

CUTS AND LACERATIONS: Treat generally as for gunshot wounds; wash thoroughly clean and bandage. If the cut is on any part of the legs and bleeds profusely, apply a tourniquet but do not continue the pressure for long periods.

BURNS: Wash the injured part carefully and apply a temporary bandage. If the burn is slight put castor oil or olive oil on it; if serious take the dog to your vet.

PORCUPINE BARBS: These should not be pulled out roughly as they are

extremely painful to the dog. After applying a muzzle, slowly work out each quill by hand. If many are in the dog's skin he should be given an anesthetic as the process of removing them is hardly endurable. It is best in the long run to leave the removal of the barbs to your veterinarian who can administer a sedative to the dog and thus remove the quills without having the dog become frantic. It is important that all of each and every quill be removed so that nothing remains in the wound to cause an infected condition.

TICKS: These too have to be removed by hand, a slow but necessary process. Be sure that all the tick is taken out as the habit of this parasite is to bury its head in the dog's skin and in the course of being removed the head may become detached and remain in the skin. If this happens it will cause an unpleasant sore. A drop of turpentine or chloroform will assist the removal. Some dogs are singularly free from attack but others seem to be a center of attraction for ticks which do not become noticeable until they have feasted on the dog's blood for some time. But the dog notices them very much and is likely to spend a lot of his time scratching.

WATER: Do not compel your dog to swim too long or too great a distance. Many dogs, especially the water retrievers, are gluttons for water work and in this should be controlled. If it happens to be your dog's first experience in water, do not plunge him into it. This may give him a life-long aversion to it. Let him find his own way in. He'll do it because nearly all dogs like water and are natural swimmers.

CHIGGERS: Some parts of the country are more infested with these mites than others, and in consequence, dogs that are employed outdoors for any protracted period soon become the hosts of these parasites. Chiggers are small, red insects rather difficult to see. When infested the dog should be given a bath with a good anti-septic soap or water with about a tablespoon and a half of creolin diluted in a gallon of water.

One thing we would like to add is, that a female carrying puppies should never be employed for hunting; she needs all her energy for the growth of her pups.



by Joe Godfrey, Jr.

Fish and game are nowhere safe from the deadly type-writer of Mr. Godfrey.

TWILIGHT darkens the high ridges and a blue haze spreads over the valley. We reel in the artificial lure and paddle for camp. Soon we hear the bong-bong-bong of the cook's gong. It seems to say, "Soup's on. Come and get it." With fishing as good as it ever has been, it's worth a bet that there will be a delicious trout on each plate. Perhaps tonight it will be a wall-eyed pike; occasionally it's a small-mouth black

In the autumn the leaves turn in color from green to every shade of yellow and red; the weather man blows a few icy blasts, and we put away our fishing equipment and get out the hunting togs, the guns and the dogs. It's time for us men to be on the move. If you like big game we have it here in North America in great numbers, especially in Canada, Alaska and Mexico, as well as in these United States. If you prefer wild-fowl shooting we have the birds back this year in greater numbers than we have seen in many years, and they are winging their way southward right now, following the

Rod AND Gun



State of Tennessee Dept. of Conservation

bass, but no matter which of these three species, if the butter holds out, the result will be the same. There is nothing quite the equal of fish freshly caught in the cold, clean waters of the north woods. Today's catch will be served for breakfast, enough of them to put new life in your bones for another great day in the wilds. We grow on the food of adventure, and challenge is the privilege of every man unafraid to come and get the peace and quiet and good that we find up north.

many flyways that we have in this country. Games of chance have been reduced to systematic reckoning, but the arrival and departure of our wild fowl are beyond the knowledge of mankind. One thing we know is that hunting is a sport that we enjoy so much we not only want it for our own enjoyment, but we also must do our part in saving it for our future Americans. We have the game and the game birds that make hunting good. Come and let's get started.

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| 31x5.50-21 | 3.40 | 1.40 | | | | | |
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To All Members

Congress recently enacted a law making it compulsory for postmasters to charge publishers two cents for every change of address.

This law places an unusual expense of several thousand dollars on THE ELKS MAGAZINE unless every member immediately notifies THE ELKS MAGAZINE or Lodge Secretary as to his change of address.

Please cooperate with your Lodge Secretary and notify him at once of your new address.

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When SABETAL vanishes on the skin it tends to clear scales, itch, redness. No bandaging necessary. Not oily or greasy. A professionally prepared compound. Send \$2, start treatment. Or 10c for sample.

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SABETAL DOES NOT STAIN

NEW WORLD-RECORD FISH

There is a new world's record bluefin tuna that weighed 868 pounds, caught August 30 by J. Frank Johnson of Whitestone, Long Island, N. Y., while he was fishing at Liverpool, Nova Scotia; there is a new Allison record tuna that weighed 645 pounds also caught at Liverpool by Glenroy W. Scott of Keene, New Hampshire. There is a new muskellunge record of 59½ pounds, caught by Louis Spray of Hayward, Wisconsin, in Grindstone Lake, Hayward, Wisconsin. There is a new woman's world record broadbill swordfish that weighed 584 pounds, caught by Mrs. Kip Farrington while fishing at Tocopilla, Chile.

Wherever they can find food and water there will be ducks, provided these two essentials are near one of the many flyways. While there are thousands of places to go for good duck shooting, many of which are private clubs, there are few that are not occupied during the days of the open season. One spot, where good blinds can be rented for \$10 per day per person, where sportsmen always get good shooting, is the Arrowhead Gun Club, two miles north of Brown-ing, Illinois, on the Illinois river.

NEW MIGRATORY BIRD LAWS

The migratory game bird laws have been changed slightly this year, so if you plan to go duck shooting this fall it would be well to check and see what is new under the shooting sun. The Biological Survey census last winter showed an increase in the duck population for the fourth year in a row, but there are still not as many ducks as there were ten years ago, so shooting restrictions in force last year will be continued. Daily bag limit of ducks is 10, but you may have 20 in your possession; only 3 of the 10 may be canvasbacks, redheads, buffleheads or ruddy ducks. The daily bag of geese has been reduced to 4 per day, 8 in one's possession. The season is open 45 days: October 1 to November 14 in the northern zone (Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Vermont and Wisconsin); October 22 to December 5 in the intermediate zone (California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island,

South Dakota, Utah, Washington, West Virginia and Wyoming); November 15 to December 29 in the southern zone (Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, New Mexico, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia). Don't use live decoys of any kind. Don't shoot over baited waters. Don't shoot swans or wood ducks because it's agin' the law. Be sure and stop at the post office and get yourself one of the Duck Stamps that cost one dollar each because you *must* have one. Shooting all over, coast to coast, starts at 7 o'clock in the morning, and you must stop shooting at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

KEEPING GAME BIRDS FRESH

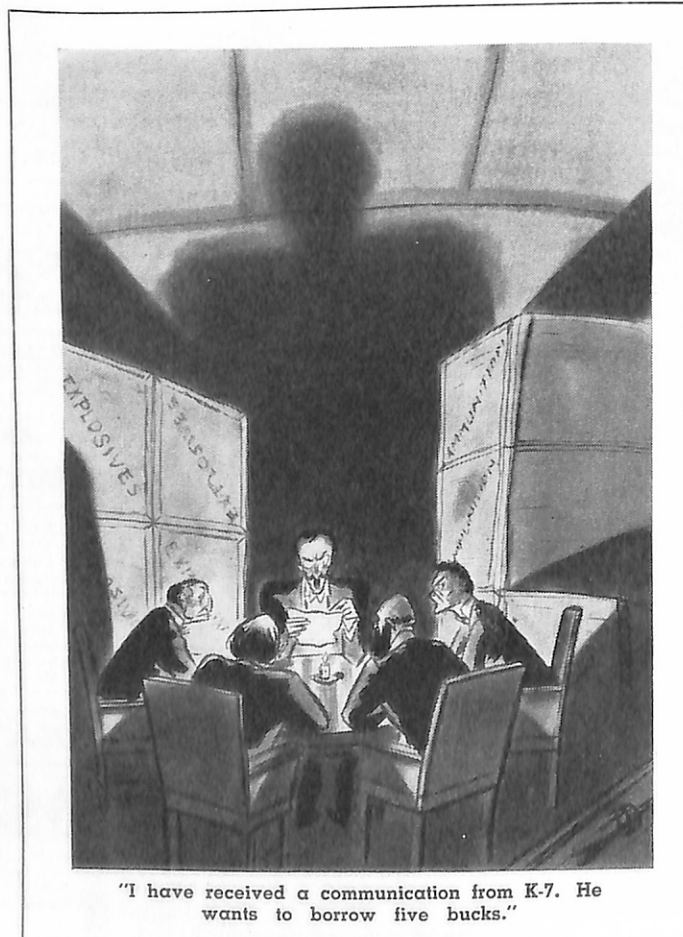
About ninety percent of all the game and game birds brought home and to butchers for dressing are spoiled because the hunter neglected to do two things—slit the neck and hang the game head down, so the blood will run out and cool the body—get the game or birds to an ice box on the running board of your car within five hours after the kill. The first necessity of slitting the neck and hanging the animal or bird prevents a blood clot and poor tasting flesh. The second necessity of placing the game or birds in a cooler, keeping the animals or birds

well separated at all times within five hours of the kill, keeps the flesh in good condition. After five or six hours, quail or pheasants or ducks or deer spoil and no matter how much refrigeration you give it after the six hours you cannot bring it back. It's not fit to eat. At the packing town where steers are slaughtered for market, only fourteen minutes elapse between the time when the steer is killed and when the carcass is placed in the cooler, hanging head down. There is a new type of aluminum box that holds 50 pounds of ice and fits on the running board of a car. This is just exactly what you need because in this container ice will last several days.

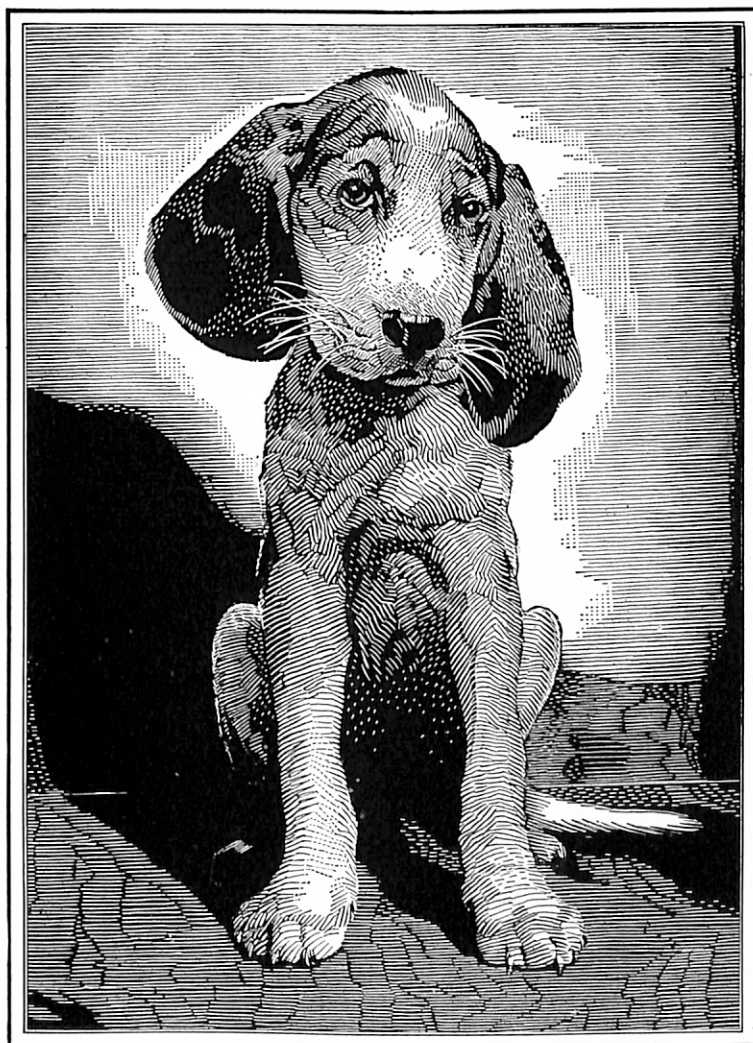
TIPS ON WHERE TO GO

Where to go for the game and game birds depends on where you live, but regardless of where you live if you want a kodiak bear you must still go to Kodiak Island in Alaska and if you want to get a black goat you must go to Catalina Island in California. If you want the biggest moose that runs, your chances for this kind are better on the Kenai Peninsula in Alaska, for here it is that they grow to huge sizes. For good deer hunting, I recommend the State of Pennsylvania. Over in Clearfield County, the hunting is done on the top of a plateau of the Allegheny mountains, where

the going is easy and the deer are plentiful. If it's turkey you want there is excellent turkey shooting in Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina, Florida, Missouri and New Mexico. No better bird inhabits our forests, so if you would like to get one, drop in on them at Punta Gorda, Florida, and you'll get yourself a turkey in short order. If it's ruffed grouse you want, then there is no better spot for this type of shooting than in the Roan mountains in Northeast Tennessee. These brown bombers of the hills are plentiful in the mountains of Tennessee, and the season is open from November 25 to January 25 with a bag limit of four per day. It is not even necessary to get permission from local landlords in the Cherokee National Forest where the hunting is best. Out-of-state hunters who want to get some of this deluxe shooting will do well to contact Walter Keyes, veteran hunter, who knows grouse as well as he knows his own family.



Can You Spare A Moment For A Lonesome Pup?



Congratulations! It shows that you find enjoyment in simple things...happiness in being friendly. It reflects a mind relaxed to enjoy the pleasant things of life. Neighbors and even strangers are quick to recognize and applaud your attitude...friends are sure to cherish it. You're not only living life, you're smoothing the way of life for others.

* * *

Can Budweiser contribute to your way of living? Indeed! It has been the symbol of better living for nearly a century. Budweiser offers you companionship when you're alone...fellowship when you're among friends...and a flourish to the hospitality that graces your home.

Live Life...Every golden minute of it...Enjoy Budweiser...Every golden drop of it

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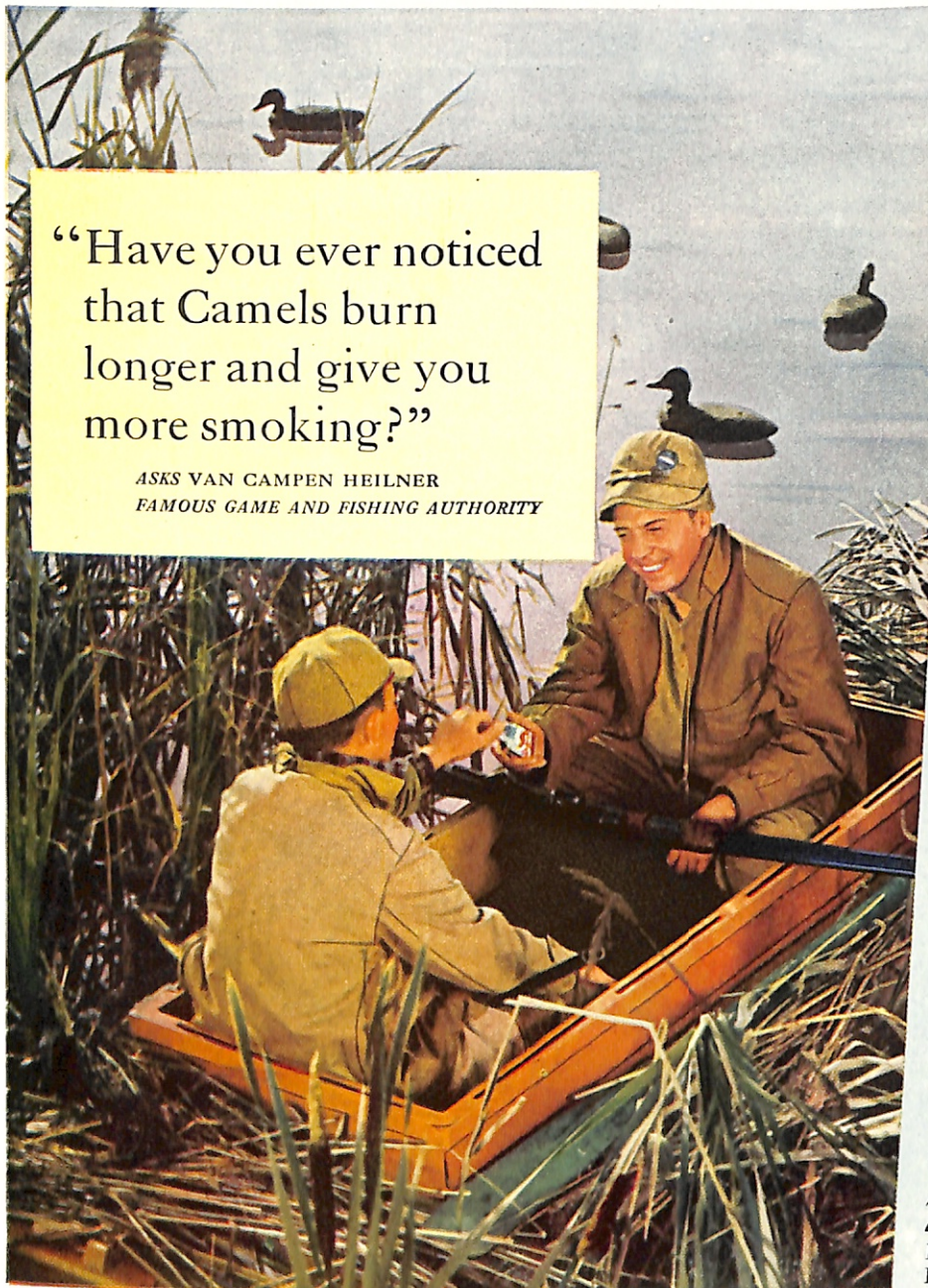
WE MAKE THIS CAP TEST: Look in Budweiser's bottle cap. A thin aluminum disc in every one. Many laboratory tests have proved that the disc provides a perfect seal and prevents air and cork particles from entering the beer. Another expense—but Budweiser's goodness must have every protection we can give it.

YOU MAKE THIS TEST: Drink Budweiser for five days. On the sixth day try to drink a sweet beer. You will want Budweiser's flavor thereafter.



"Have you ever noticed
that Camels burn
longer and give you
more smoking?"

ASKS VAN CAMPEN HEILNER
FAMOUS GAME AND FISHING AUTHORITY



Above, "VAN" waiting in the duck blinds for the "zero hour." Explorer, sportsman, scientist, conservationist, author of the authoritative, new "A Book on Duck Shooting," Heilner knows the waterfowl flyways from California to Maine, Alaska to Mexico, and those of Europe too. "Van" has been a Camel smoker for 18 years.

YOU can tell a lot about a cigarette by whether it burns fast or slowly. Camel cigarettes are noted for their long burning. In fact, they burned longer, slower than any other brand, in recent scientific tests (see right). Van Campen Heilner, the famous American authority on wild game, points out an interesting angle to this.

"Camels give more smoking because they burn so slowly," he says. "And I think the way they burn is a very good way to judge the quality of cigarettes too. I notice this about Camels—I can smoke them steadily and they still taste smooth and cool, and my mouth feels fresh—not dry—with no throat irritation. Camels are mild, flavory. They give more genuine pleasure per puff—and more puffs per pack." Turn to Camels. Get extra smoking per pack—topped off with the delicate taste of choice quality tobaccos. For contentment—smoke Camels!

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF... MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—CAMELS give a smoking plus equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!



Cigarettes were compared recently... sixteen of the largest-selling brands... under the searching tests of impartial laboratory scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

1 CAMELS were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 CAMELS BURNED SLOWER THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

3 In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR LONGER than the average time for all the other brands.

Don't deny yourself the pleasure of smoking Camels, the quality cigarette every smoker can afford.

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CAMELS—Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos